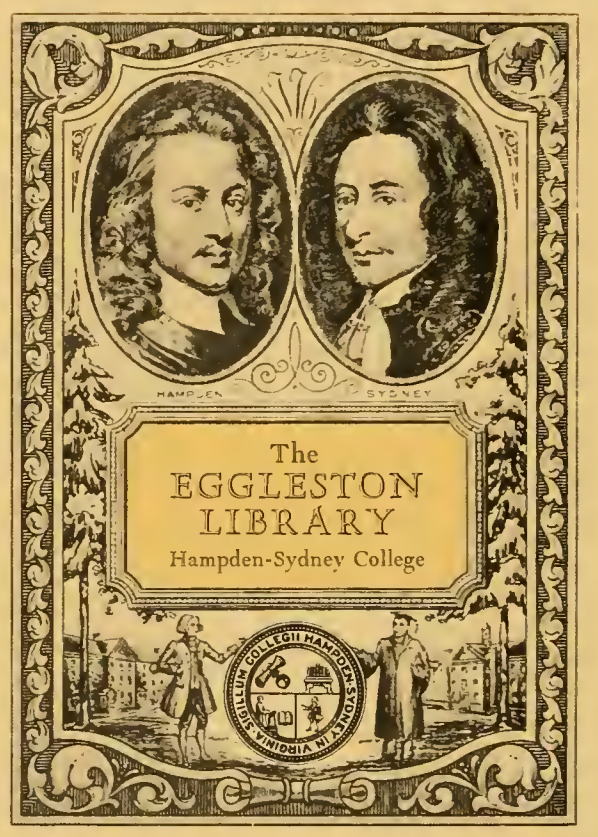
THE KALEIDOSCOPE '99


HAMPDEN
SYDNEY
The
EGGLESTON
LIBRARY
Hampden-Sydney College
SIGILLUM COLLEGII HAMPDEN SYDNEY IN VIRGINIA

63403

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

http://www.archive.org/details/kaleidoscope1899hamp

The Kaleidoscope

PRICE TWO DOLLARS POSTAGE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

ADDRESS

THE KALEIDOSCOPE

Hampden-Sidney College : : Virginia

The Kaleidoscope

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY COLLEGE

M D C C C X C V I X

PRINTED BY THE STONE PRINTING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

TO OUR MOTHERS

TO OUR SISTERS

AND TO OUR SWEETHEARTS

THIS VOLUME IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED

BY THE STUDENTS OF HAMPDEN-SIDNEY COLLEGE

AS A PERISHABLE MONUMENT OF INEFFABLE REMEMBRANCE

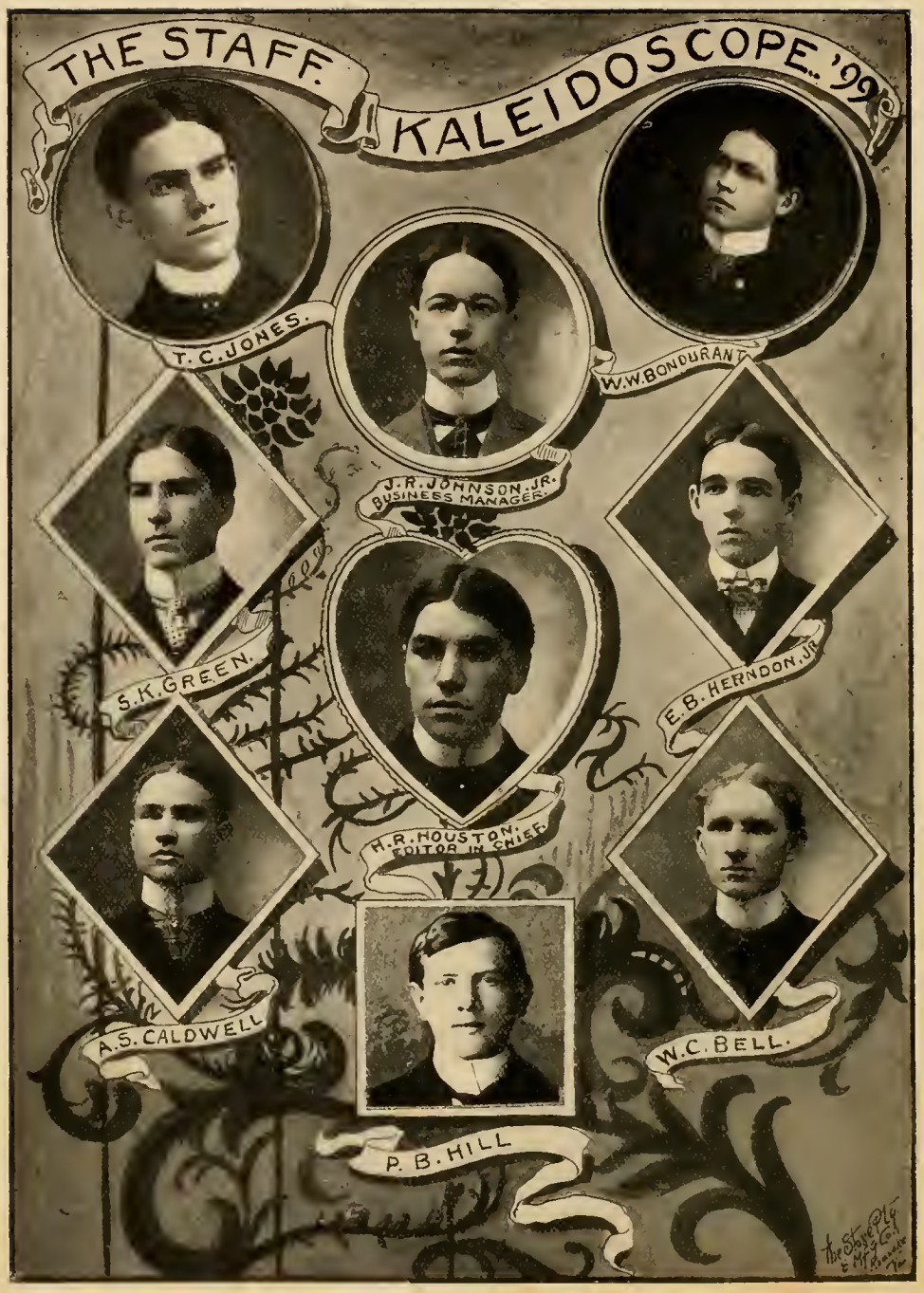
63436
COLLEGE LIBRA

GREETING.

Friends, young and old, both men and maids
Where'er ye be in all the land,
We greet you here on the earliest page,
Where ghosts of the Past and Present stand
And we give you this book that, perchance, the way
Of our varied life ye may read and know
Ere the things that are shall pass to be
With the things that were in the long ago.

For we live in the light of our Golden Day
And we feel the charm of its potent spell—
The old, Bohemian, careless life,
The life that we know and love so well.
So we drink your health in the old time way
With a click of the glass that holds the wine,
And we pray you pause for a little space
To read of a life that is half divine.

63438


THE STAFF.
KALEIDOSCOPE. '99
T. C. JONES.
W. W. BONDURANT
J. R. JOHNSON, JR.
BUSINESS MANAGER.
S. K. GREEN.
E. B. HERNDON, JR.
H. R. HOUSTON.
EDITOR IN CHIEF.
A. S. CALDWELL
W. C. BELL.
P. B. HILL

HARRY R. HOUSTON, '99,

Editor-in-Chief

Associate Editors.

T. CATESBY JONES,

WILLIAM W. BONDURANT,

ALFRED S. CALDWELL,

WILBUR C. BELL,

STANLEY K. GREEN,

P. BERNARD HILL.

J. RICHARD JOHNSON, JR., . . Business Manager.

1898.

September 13 - Examination of Candidates for admission into College.

September 14 - Session opened at 4.00 p. m., with a Public Address by Dr. George H. Denny.

November 24 - Thanksgiving Day — Holiday.

December 23 - Christmas Recess begins.

1899.

January 3 - - Second Term begins.

February 22 - Washington's Birthday.—Intermediate Celebration of the Literary Societies, and Orations by Members of the Senior and Junior Classes.

April 27 - - - Field-day Exercises.

June 11 - - - Baccalaureate Sermon.

June 12 - - - Board of Trustees meets at 8.00 p. m.

June 12 - - - Celebration of the Union Society at 8.00 p. m.

June 12 - - - Examination of Candidates for admission into College.

June 13 - - - Address before the Literary Societies at 11.00 a. m.

June 13 - - - Address before the Society of Alumni at 12 m.

June 13 - - - Celebration of the Philanthropic Society at 8 00 p. m.

June 14 - - - Commencement Exercises at 11 a. m.

June 14 - - - Senior Class Celebration at 8.00 p. m.

REV. RICHARD McILWAINE, D. D., *ex officio*.

R. C. ANDERSON, ESQ.,	Covington, Va.
*REV. MOSES D. HOGE, D. D.,	Richmond, Va.
COL. HENRY STOKES,	Farmville, Va.
REV. A. W. PITZER, D. D.,	Washington, D. C.
HON. WILLIAM WIRT HENRY,	Richmond, Va.
REV. P. B. PRICE,	Buchanan, Va.
*COL. J. P. FITZGERALD,	Farmville, Va.
REV. THOMAS W. HOOPER, D. D.,	Christiansburg, Va.
REV. G. W. FINLEY, D. D.,	Fishersville, Va.
REV. M. L. LACY, D. D.,	Sink's Grove, W. Va.
PAUL C. VENABLE, ESQ.,	Danville, Va.
*EX-GOVERNOR P. W. McKINNEY,	Farmville, Va
JUDGE W. H. MANN,	Nottoway, C. H., Va.
REV. W. U. MURKLAND, D. D.,	Baltimore, Md.
HENRY EASLEY, ESQ.,	South Boston, Va.
SAMUEL L. FLOURNOY, ESQ.,	Charleston, W. Va.
REV. F. T. McFADEN,	Lynchburg, Va.
HON. A. D. WATKINS,	Prince Edward Co., Va
JUDGE JAMES L. TREDWAY,	Chatham, Va.
REV. W. C. CAMPBELL, D. D,	Roanoke, Va.
J. T. McALLISTER, ESQ.,	Warm Springs, Va.
DR. P. WINSTON,	Farmville, Va.
W. G. DUNNINGTON, ESQ,	Farmville, Va.
A. A. CAMPBELL, ESQ.,	Wytheville, Va.
HON. E. C. VENABLE,	Petersburg, Va.

*Deceased.

The Faculty.

REV. RICHARD McILWAINE, D. D.,
President and Professor of Moral Philosophy and Bible Studies.

WALTER BLAIR, A. M., D. L.,
Professor Emeritus of the Latin and German Languages.

JAMES R. THORNTON, A. M.,
Professor of Mathematics, and Instructor in Engineering.

HENRY C. BROCK, B. LIT.,
Professor of the Greek Language and Literature, and Instructor in the French Language.

J. H. C. BAGBY, M. A., M. E., Ph. D.,
Professor of Physical Science.

H. R. McILWAINE, Ph. D.,
Professor of English and Historical and Political Science.

GEORGE H. DENNY, M. A., Ph. D.,
Professor of the Latin Language and Literature, and Instructor in the German Language.

H. MONMOUTH SMITH, Ph. D.,
Adjunct Professor of Physical Science.

E. C. CALDWELL, A. B.,
Fellow, and Instructor in Mathematics and English.

T. H. THOMPSON, A. B.,
Fellow, and Instructor in Greek and Latin.

H. P. LACY	Physician to College.
J. R. THORNTON	Curator.
H. C. BROCK	Clerk of Faculty.
H. R. McILWAINE	Librarian.
W. W. BONDURANT	Assistant Librarian.
E. C. CALDWELL	Instructor in Physical Culture.

Society of Alumni.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

PRESIDENT, DON P. HALSEY, ESQ., ... Lynchburg, Virginia
VICE-PRESIDENT, REV. F. T. McFADEN, ... Lynchburg, Virginia
SECRETARY AND TREASURER, PROFESSOR GEORGE H. DENNY, ... Hampden-Sidney, Virginia

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

PROFESSOR JAMES R. THORNTON, CHAIRMAN, ... Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
DANDRIDGE SPOTTSWOOD, ESQ., ... Petersburg, Virginia
REV. F. T. McFADEN, ... Lynchburg, Virginia
J. M. REYNOLDS, ESQ., ... Norfolk, Virginia
J. GRAY McALLISTER, ESQ., ... Richmond, Virginia

ASSOCIATION OF THE SHENANDOAH.

FOUNDED 1891.

President, REV. C. W. HOLLIS, ... Davis, West Virginia
Secretary and Treasurer, —— ——, ... —— ——

THE TIDEWATER ASSOCIATION.

1892.

President, R. W. SANTOS, ESQ., ... Norfolk, Virginia
Secretary and Treasurer, J. M. REYNOLDS, ESQ., ... Norfolk, Virginia

THE NOTTOWAY ASSOCIATION.

1892.

President, JUDGE C. F. GOODWIN, ... Nottoway, Virginia
Secretary and Treasurer, HON. WALTER A. WATSON, ... Nottoway, Virginia

HAMPDEN ASSOCIATION.

1894.

President, DR. H. R. McILWAINE, ... Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
Secretary and Treasurer, J. P. HART, ESQ., ... Worsham, Virginia

LYNCHBURG ASSOCIATION.

1895.

President, DR. S. F. PRESTON, ... Lynchburg, Virginia
Secretary and Treasurer, DON P. HALSEY, ESQ., ... Lynchburg, Virginia

JEFFERSON ASSOCIATION.

1896.

President, JOSEPH McMURRAN, ESQ., ... Shepherdstown, West Virginia
Secretary and Treasurer, REV. DR. CHARLES GHISELIN, ... Shepherdstown, West Virginia

ROCKINGHAM ASSOCIATION.

1897.

President, REV. A. S. YERGER, ... Harrisonburg Virginia
Secretary and Treasurer, PROFESSOR HENRY A. CONVERSE, ... Harrisonburg, Virginia

JOHNS HOPKINS ASSOCIATION.

1898.

President, C. W. SOMMERVILLE, ... Baltimore, Maryland
Secretary and Treasurer, H. B. ARBUCKLE, ... Baltimore, Maryland

WYTHE COUNTY ASSOCIATION.

1898.

President, E. LEE TRINKLE, ESQ., ... Wytheville, Virginia
Secretary and Treasurer, DR. E. P. McGAVOCK, ... Max Meadows, Virginia

RICHMOND ASSOCIATION.

1898.

President, DR. PAULUS A. IRVING, ... Richmond, Virginia
Secretary, DANIEL GRINNAN, ESQ., ... Richmond, Virginia
Treasurer, M. M. GILLIAM, ESQ., ... Richmond, Virginia

FARMVILLE ASSOCIATION.

1898.

President, J. H. C. WINSTON, ... Farmville, Virginia
Secretary and Treasurer, MAJOR ANDREW VENABLE, ... Farmville, Virginia

Thor's Farewell.

Black is the sky to-night
Save where the Northern light,
Streaming o'er yonder height,
  Stabs through the darkness,
And the loud surges roar
Round yonder rock-bound shore,
Driven the wind before,
Striving like Jotuns.

I, lord of Miolner,
Thrice-mighty king of war,
I, Thor, the hammerer,
  Chiefest of warriors,
Thus, while the waters shock
O'er this half-riven rock,
Wait for the Ragnarok,
For the God's twilight.

Here in the dawn of Time
Strove we with Jotunheim,
Wrested the Northern clime
  From its dread masters;
Here, where the lowering skies
Flash like a Valkyr's eyes,
Built we our paradise,
Asgard, the lofty.

Then, trembling through the air,
Came the first words of prayer
Asking the strength to dare
  Death at the sword point;
Oft in the coming years
Loud crashed the splintering spears,
Blood mixed with women's tears
Streamed on my altar.

Oft in the roaring fight
Helped I the hero's might,
Guiding his stroke aright
  Through the strong armor,
And in the lofty hall
Rang like a trumpet's call,
"Skoal to the Northland, all,
Thor's hand is with us."

Now all our life is past,
Doom comes on us at last,
Sounds on the winter's blast
  Feurir's deep baying;
Not e'en the bright stars shine
O'er the dark gulf of time,
And all our godlike line
Passes forever.

BELLES OF SOUTHERN CITIES.

It is Not Always May.

[Apologies to Longfellow.]

The ground is mud,—the sky is lead,
  The draggled sparrows loud complain,
And still the weather clerk, 't is said,
  Continues prophesying rain.

So chill the biting blast that blows
  And chaps our skins as rough as leather;
We 're looking out for winter snows
  Or any old inclement weather.

All things are dear;—that cough, that sneeze,
  Are symptoms which too well denote
A case of grippe, and hang it! these
  Are moths in last spring's overcoat!

Mortal, that read'st this simple rhyme,
  Do not despair, spring can not stay;
Anticipate a happier time,
  For oh! it is not always May.

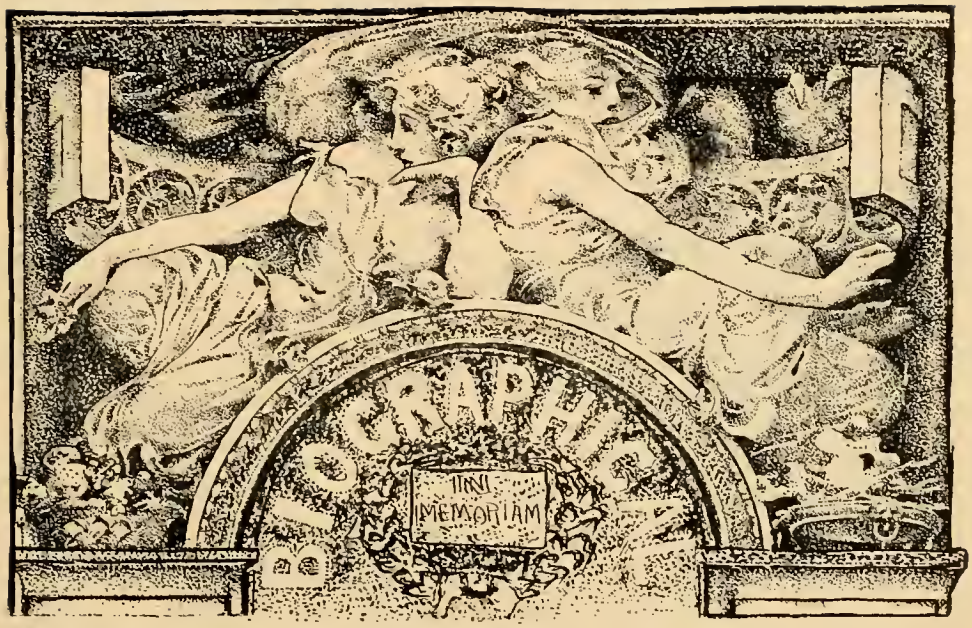
Do not despair, and now in sooth
  Above all else this precept note—
Or Time will teach thee soon the truth—
  Pack moth balls with that overcoat.

To a Rose.

You nestled in her hair to-night,
Half smothered in the misty light
That crowned her head, and like a queen
On golden dais, through the sheen
  You nodded to me from your height.

With reverent hand I set aright
One straying bit of crumpled white,
For half my sins you may redeem,
  You nestled there.

You saw the mingled dark and bright
Of half-drooped eyes, the feigned flight—
Such blushes gentle maids become—
And then she gave me you; I deem
I knew my answer—well I might,
  You nestled there.


IN
MEMORIAM

Dr. Hoge as a Preacher.

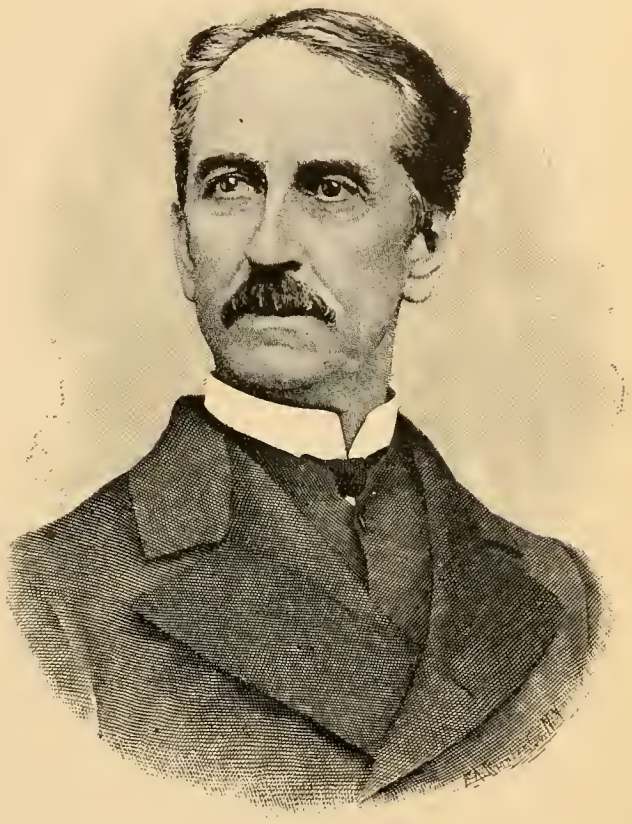
BY WALTER W. MOORE.

OF UNION SEMINARY, VIRGINIA.

FEW men in any walk of life have ever so deeply impressed an entire community with the power of a noble personality as the lamented servant of God whose virtues and labors we commemorate to-day. Certainly no minister of the gospel in all the history of this ancient commonwealth was ever accorded a position so eminent by the public at large. This popular estimate was deliberate and exact. The people knew him. For more than fifty years, through storm and sunshine, in peace and war, they had studied his character and watched his work, and they have rendered their verdict, that Moses D. Hoge was a man, a strong, wise, high-minded, great-hearted, heroic man; that through all these years of stress and toil and publicity he wore the white flower of a blameless life; and that he preached the gospel of the grace of God with a dignity and authority and tenderness, with a beauty and pathos and power which have rarely if ever been surpassed in the annals of the American pulpit.

Long before the close of his consecrated career he had taken his place in public interest even by the side of those stately memorials in this historic city

which men have come from the ends of the earth to see—the bronze and marble reminders of the men who have forever associated the name of Virginia with eloquence and virtue and valor. No visitor who had come from a distant state or a land beyond the seas to look upon these memorials of the great Virginians of former days felt that his visit to Richmond was complete till he had seen and heard the man who, though an humble minister of the Cross, was by common consent the most eminent living citizen of a commonwealth which has always been peculiarly rich in gifted sons. It was his privilege to preach to a larger number of men whose commanding influence in public life, in the learned professions, or in the business world, had conferred prosperity and honor upon the State than any other spiritual teacher of the time. He was more frequently the spokesman of the people on great public occasions than any other man whom Richmond has delighted to honor. He was more frequently the subject of conversation in the social circle than any other member of this cosmopolitan community. In every community where he once appeared his name was thenceforth a household word. It is not my province at present to speak of these things. I allude to them only in order to emphasize the fact that the explanation of this preeminence in public esteem lay largely in the character of his work in the pulpit. That was his throne; there he was king.



Very sincerely Yours.
Moses D. Hoge.

In attempting to comply with the request of the session of his church to say something to-day in regard to this outstanding feature of Dr. Hoge's work, a feeling of peculiar sadness comes over my heart. It will be many a long day before any man who knew him can stand in this pulpit without a sense of wistful loneliness at thought of that venerated figure, with its resolute attitudes and ringing tones, which for fifty-four fruitful years

stood in this place as God's ambassador, laying the multitude under the enchantment of his eloquence, diffusing through this sanctuary the aroma of his piety, and lifting sad and weary hearts to heaven on the wings of his wonderful prayers. As some one has said of the death of another illustrious preacher, we feel like children who had long sheltered under a mighty oak; and now the old oak has gone down, and we are out in the open sun. We hardly knew, till he fell, how much we had sheltered under him; his presence was a protection; his voice was a power; his long-established leadership was a rallying center for the disheartened soldiers of the cross. We do not murmur at the dispensation which has taken him from us,

> "But oh for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

There were certain physical features of his preaching which are perfectly familiar to all who have heard him even once, and which will be remembered by them forever, but which can not be made known by description to those who have not. When he rose in the pulpit, tall straight, slender, sinewy, commanding, with something vital and electric in his very movements, yet singularly deliberate, and, lifting his chin from his collar with a peculiar movement, surveyed the people before him and on either side, with his grave, intellectual face and almost melancholy eyes, no one needed to be told that there stood a master of assemblies. The attention was riveted by his appearance and manner before he uttered a word.

As soon as he began to speak, the clear, rich, and resonant tones, reaching without effort the limits of the largest assembly, revealed to every hearer another element of his power to move and mold the hearts of men. To few of the world's masters of discourse has it been given to demonstrate as he did the music and spell of the human voice. It was a voice in a million, flexible, magnetic, thrilling, clear as a clarion, by turns tranquil and soothing or strenuous and stirring, at the speaker's will, now mellow as a cathedral bell heard in the twilight, now ringing like a trumpet or rolling like melodious thunder through the building, with an occasional impassioned crash like artillery, accompanied by a resounding stamp of his foot on the floor, but never unpleasant, or uncontrolled or overstrained; no one ever heard him scream or tear his throat. Some of his cadences in the utterance of particular words or sentiments lingered on the ear and haunted the memory for years like a strain of exquisite music. As you listened to his voice in prayer "there ran through its pathetic fall a vibration as though the minister's heart were singing like an æolian harp as the breath of the Spirit of God blew through its strings." It was a voice that adapted itself with equal felicity to all occasions. When he preached to the whole of General D. H. Hill's division in the open air, it rang like a bugle to the outermost verge of his vast congregation. When he stood on the slope of Mt. Ebal in Palestine and recited

the twenty-third psalm it was heard distinctly by the English clergymen on the other side of the valley, three-quarters of a mile away. When the body of an eminent statesman and ruling elder in his church was borne into this building and laid before the pulpit, and the preacher rose and said, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace," the sympathetic intonations fell like healing balm on wounded hearts. When he stood in the United States Senate Chamber at Washington beside the mortal remains of the great Carolinian and said to the assembled representatives of the greatness of this nation and of the world, "There is nothing great but God," the voice and the words alike impressed the insignificance of all human concern as compared with religion. When he stood in the chancel of St. Paul's and stretched his hand over the casket containing the pallid form of "the daughter of the Confederacy" and said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," it had the authority and tenderness of a prophet's benediction.

Of the intellectual qualities of his preaching the first that impressed the hearer was the exquisite phrasing. He was a marvelous magician with words. He was the prince of pulpit rhetoricians. He had made himself a master of the art of verbal expression, because, to use his own words, he knew that "style was the crystallization of thought," and he believed that "royal thoughts ought to wear royal robes." The splendid powers with which he was endowed by nature had been at once enriched and chastened by the strenuous study of the world's best books. Every cultivated person recognized the flavor of ripe scholarship in his diction, and even those devoid of culture felt its charm without being able to define it. The mellow splendor of his rhetoric captivated all classes of hearers. This rare beauty of his language, this exquisite drapery of his thoughts, sometimes tempted superficial hearers to regard him as merely a skillful phrase-maker. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He was a superb rhetorician because he was a true scholar and a profound theologian. His rhetoric drew deep. The ocean greyhound which seems to skim the billows does in fact plough deep beneath their surface, and hence the *safety* of her cargo of precious wares and human lives. This masterful preacher *was* easy and swift—he distanced all his brethren—but he was also safe, and his ministry had the momentum which only *weight* can give. All his life long he was a student—a student of books, a student of men, a student of the deep things of God. When men beheld the external splendor of the Temple at Jerusalem, with its walls and roofs of white marble, surmounted with plates and spikes of glittering gold, they sometimes forgot the immense substructions built deep into the ground and resting upon the everlasting rock. But without that cyclopean masonry hidden from view, those snowy walls of marble and those sky-piercing pinnacles of gold could not have been. Dr. Hoge's surpassing beauty of statement was bottomed on eternal truth.

He was therefore not only an orator but a teacher. His sermons were not only brilliant in form but rich in truth. So that not only in point of finish but

also in point of force he ranks with the masters of the modern pulpit. It is true that many of his later discourses were somewhat discursive in treatment, necessarily so because of the innumerable demands upon his time, but he never failed to bring beaten oil to the sanctuary when it was possible, and he never for a moment relinquished or lowered his conception of the teaching function of the ministry. His people were not only interested and entertained, they were also instructed and nourished with truth. The lecture which he delivered at the University of Virginia forty-nine years ago on "The Success of Christianity, An Evidence of its Divine Origin," and known to some of you from its publication in the portly volume entitled "Evidences of Christianity," is a striking specimen of the kind of work he was capable of when he was at his best. I venture the assertion, though it seems a sweeping one, that in the whole realm of apologetic literature, there is not a more polished or more powerful vindication of the truth of the Christian religion. I have often wished that it might be published separately and thus given a wider circulation.

His substantial attainments, then, were no less remarkable than his graces of speech. But here we have sighted a subject too large for the limits of this address. A small island, to use Dr. Breed's figure, can be explored in a few hours, but not a wide continent. The one may be characterized in a word, but not the other. This island is a bank of sand, that one a smiling pasture, a third a mass of cliffs, a fourth a mountain peak. "But the continent is a vast combination of all of these features indefinitely multiplied. So the gifts of some men are insular and may be summed up in a few words, but the gifts of the man in whose memory we are assembled to-day were continental." Every one that has heard him even once saw that there were here peaceful valleys where the grass grew green and the sweet flowers bloomed and streams ran rippling. But those who sailed farther alongshore found that there were also mighty cliffs "where his conviction defied the waves of passing opinion." And when they pushed their explorations into the interior, they came upon great uplands of philosophy, where the granite of a strong theology protruded and where the snows of doctrine lay deep. But the thoughtful explorer knew well that the granite was essential to the solidity of those towering heights and that without those snows upon the peaks there would have been no streams in the valleys, no broad reaches of meadow, no blooming flowers. He was indeed a superb rhetorician, with a marvelous wealth of diction, a phenomenal power of description, and a rare felicity of illustration; but rhetoric in the pulpit has no abiding charm apart from truth. Strong men and thoughtful women do not sit for fifty-four years in ever increasing numbers under a ministry which has not in it the strength of divine truth, deeply studied, sincerely believed, and earnestly proclaimed.

We have now seen something of what he was in his preaching as a man, and something of what he was as a scholar, but after all the hiding of his power lay in what he was as a saint. Nature had done much for him, cultivation had done

much, but Grace had done most of all. He preached from a true and profound experience of the mercy and power of God. He knew the deadly evil of sin. He knew the saving grace of Christ. He knew the brooding sorrows of the human heart. He knew the comfort of communion with God. He knew that the Gospel was God's supreme answer to man's supreme need. And the crowning glory of this pulpit is that, from the first day of its occupancy to the last, it rang true to that evangel: "Behold the lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." There was never a day in all these fifty-four years when men could not have pointed to him as the original of Cowper's immortal portrait:

"There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
The legate of the skies! His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels used, the Gospel whispers peace.
He stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect!"

Philip W. McKinney.

Governor of Virginia, 1890-1894.

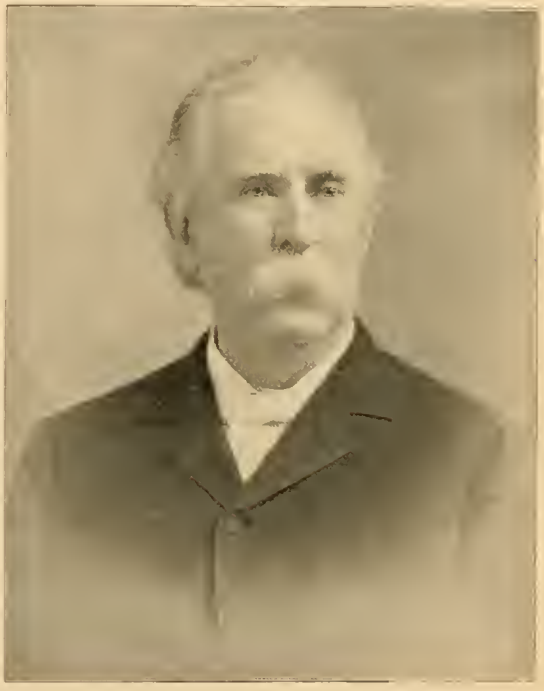
BY THOMAS J. GARDEN.

SINCE the death of Dr. Hoge there was left perhaps no citizen of Virginia, whose death could have produced a more profound impression upon the people than that of ex-Governor Philip Watkins McKinney. That he was deeply beloved and highly honored throughout the length and breadth of the Commonwealth and beyond its confines is attested by the great number of editorials and contributions to the public press, deploring his loss, and setting forth his life and character as a model for imitation. To say that he was born May 1st, 1832, and died March 1st, 1899, is all that he would wish to be said about him, such was his aversion to praise, and so retiring was he in the sweetness of his nature that he shrank from any demonstrations of display made in his honor.

But there is a duty the living owe to the generations to come. As the subject of this sketch was inspired by the noble examples of great men who had gone before him, so the children of the present age and of future ages should be taught to emulate the example of one, who, though dead, speaketh through his life—both public and private—of devotion to duty, of the love of right, of temperance, of morality, of love for his fellow man, of genuine true politeness, the beauty of his domestic life and the consecration of his heart to his God.

It is not often that a child born in a community grows up to eminence in the neighborhood in which he has been reared, and long after he attains the age of

manhood " the prophet is considered without honor in his own country." These difficulties " Phil," as everybody called him, had to contend with and successfully overcame. Educated at an old-field school at New Store, his home and native place in Buckingham County, Virginia, by good instructors he early was prepared for college and it was at Hampden-Sidney that the writer had the privilege and the honor of first knowing his classmate Phil W. McKinney,—a diffident blushing youth of seventeen, gentle in manner, courteous to all, fluent and attractive in conversation, a good speaker and such were his oratorical gifts that he easily carried off the prize as best speaker in our graduating class of 1851. While at college, I had the best of opportunities to know Phil McKinney. We often prepared our recitations together, took long walks in the groves and around the campus grounds, and after we left college he induced me to take a school at New Store and I lived in the same room with him for years and I can say neither at college nor during all these fifty years that have passed in which we have been thrown frequently together I have never known him to take even a drink of ardent spirits or utter an oath, or bet at a game of chance, and his language has been always chaste and refined. Of how many public men of these days can this truthfully be said?



PHILIP W. McKINNEY

As a member of the legislature from Buckingham County he distinguished himself as a man of ability, and as a member of the legal profession, even in his early career, his reputation became established as a champion in criminal prosecution, and I well remember how the older members of the bar took pride in the rising star of Buckingham and also on one occasion how United States Congressman, the Hon. E. W. Hubard, against whom he was pitted in a political discussion, complimented the noble effort of one so young and so promising. It was his scathing denunciations of wrong that sometimes fired him to flights of oratory and invective that would do credit to men of national reputation and while he was Commonwealth's Attorney for Prince Edward County in those dreadful times of reconstruction, in his masterly efforts in this direction, put the people of the county under lasting obligations to him for driving out the carpet-baggers that controlled all the local offices,

and rendered it possible for us to live under the benign influences which we now enjoy.

As Governor of the State, he proved himself equal to the exigencies of the times when difficult problems had to be solved, and how satisfactorily he settled the State debt and also how the oyster laws were made effective in adding revenue to the coffers of the treasury, and many other measures of benefit to the Commonwealth are well known and will go down in history reflecting luster upon the good management of him who sat at the helm of state.

As a soldier, he entered the army early in the war, and fought gallantly at the head of the company of which he was captain, and when severely wounded he asked to be transferred to post duty at Danville, Virginia, where he performed valuable services till the end of the war.

The great secret of ex-Governor McKinney's success in life depended upon a combination of natural endowments that were well balanced. Nature was profuse in her gifts—she gave him a stately, commanding figure, a countenance beaming with intelligence and love, an eye sparkling and confiding, the index of his soul, a soft gentle voice, musical in its tones, and a memory stored with anecdote, all of which made him a charming conversationalist. He was a natural orator and by practice in his early years of college and political life learned to modulate his voice so as to sway at will the multitudes that flocked to hear him speak.

But the gift that crowned his life with imperishable luster was the gift of the Holy Ghost. While Governor of Virginia, encumbered by the arduous duties of his office, he found time to render service to his God. He loved to sit at the feet of Dr. Hoge and regularly, while governor, attended his church. Private letters from Governor McKinney while in Richmond to the author of this sketch breathe the spirit of a true Christian. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church in Farmville. The late home of ex-Governor McKinney contains the forms of two, as its inmates, that were the idols of his heart—his desolate wife, lonely and sad, and his daughter, little Frankie, deprived so early of her father's love and guidance. May a merciful Providence send a ray of light to these sorrowing hearts.

Robert L. Dabney.

BY THOMAS C. JOHNSON,

OF UNION SEMINARY, VIRGINIA.

ROBERT LEWIS DABNEY was born in Louisa County, Virginia, on the fifth of March, 1820, of good old Hanover lineage. In June, 1836, he entered the Sophomore Class, half advanced, of Hampden-Sidney College. He completed the remaining part of the Sophomore, and the Junior course, and left the College in 1837. He then taught a country school for two years. In December, 1839, he entered the University of Virginia, from which he retired in July of 1842 with the degree of master of arts. He again taught a select private school for more than two years. In October, 1844, he entered Union Seminary in Virginia, took the full three years' course in two years and was licensed to preach in May, 1846. He spent one year as a missionary in his native county, at the end of which time he was called to be the pastor of Tinkling Spring Church in Augusta County. Here he performed for a considerable time the functions of the pastorate to a large church and those of the head teacher of a classical school. After a pastorate of over six years he was elected to the chair of ecclesiastical history and polity in his alma mater, Union Theological Seminary, which he filled until 1870. Meanwhile, in 1869, he had been appointed adjunct professor of theology, and he was made full professor in this department in 1870. He continued to dignify this important chair until 1883, when owing to bronchial troubles he was warned by his physicians to seek a milder climate. Accordingly he accepted an invitation to the chair of mental and moral philosophy in the University of Texas, at Austin, the capital of that State. This position he continued to fill with unflagging ability, notwithstanding the increasing infirmities of age and the total loss of his eyesight, till 1894. Since he retired from that position he has given special courses of lectures at different institutions and has been active with his pen.

During his long term of service in Union Seminary he was for sixteen years co-pastor of the College church, with the Rev. Dr. B. M. Smith. During the

same period he served Hampden-Sidney College in a professorial capacity on occasions of need in that institution. In 1861, whenever his duties permitted his absence from the seminary, he was chaplain in the Confederate army with the Virginia troops. In 1862 he was chief of staff of the Second Corps under General Thomas J. Jackson. After the close of the war, during the period of utter poverty consequent on the great struggle, he rendered the people of his own section great services in taking effective measures for supplying bread. During his years at the University of Texas he taught with great ability a course on political economy every year, and practically founded and maintained for all those years the Austin Theological School. Throughout his whole ministerial life he gave valuable service to the church in her courts and on important committees.

ROBERT L. DABNEY.

The last piece of literary work he did was the preparation of a brief sketch of the life of his teacher, colleague and friend, Dr. Sampson. He did this work on Monday, January 3rd, 1898. In the evening of that day he was seized with an acute illness and died, after four hours, at 11 P. M.

So far, a brief and most imperfect sketch of Dr. Dabney's life. To give an adequate account of his life it would be necessary to enter into a discussion of the general current of theological thought during the last forty years and portray him in relation to these currents. It would also be necessary to give an exposition of many contemporary philosophical systems and show how he stood toward those systems. It would be no less needful to refer to many material, political and sociological changes which have occurred in our country during the last fifty years, for Dr. Dabney, while a minister of the gospel, was also a citizen of his commonwealth, and a great Christian statesman. He took a burning interest in all that vitally concerned the welfare of his country. He held profound views on political economy and statecraft, and set them forth with tremendous vigor. The lives even of most great preachers pass in such quiet that the historian finds little to dwell upon. What he says of one day's labor and achievements may

be said of almost every other day. Such was not the life of Dr. Dabney. His life touched so many points in the common history of church and state and touched them in a way so unusual that it is impossible to give an adequate sketch in a few pages.

Hence we propose a much more possible task in the remaining portion of this paper, viz.: to name and illustrate briefly some of his more important mental and moral characteristics.

1. *Mental Characteristics.* He had acute and accurate and untiring powers of perception; a memory which held the gist of all he had perceived like a vise; a superb constructive imagination, and an active, subtle, profound, powerful and sagacious intellect.

His powers of observation, coupled with his interest in topographical studies, gave him a more minute and correct knowledge of a larger portion of the earth's surface than any other man with whom it has ever been our privilege to converse. His accuracy and strength of memory for the gist of an event or a place and even for the more important details was a power that impressed itself on all about him. His natural gift was such that by a little cultivation he could have displayed a most luxurious and riotous fancy. He did not care, however, to quicken his powers of fanciful description, usually dignified with the name of imagination. But the power of the constructive imagination, the power which the inventor and the discoverer must possess, the power without which no man can be a real poet or a great literary artist, or even a framer of a great philosophical or theological system, that power he valued, and he was richly endowed with it. Evidences of it are seen to a greater or less extent in every work he ever wrote; and they abounded in his oral teaching. The activity, profundity, subtlety and sagacity of his intellect is proven, not only by his voluminous writings, but by his whole history. Everybody has recognized it; even the envious and detractors in their very envy and detractions.

2. *Moral Traits.* His endowments in the way of active and practical powers were of a noble order; and as we knew him they had been sanctified to an unusually high degree by divine grace.

He loved passionately the good and hated passionately the evil. His affectional nature was a great fire; it drove him at times almost furiously against what seemed wrong, and in support of what seemed right. His logic, and all his mental workings, like the Apostle Paul's, were often aflame with feeling No man can understand the products of his mind who does not keep this fact before him.

While he had a general love for mankind, and a much warmer love for all his Christian brethren, he gave a peculiar love to a few friends. When he admired a brother and trusted him as thoroughly honest, open and sincere, intimate association was alone needed to call forth from him a wealth of affection which no other could give save one equally great. But the ruling passion of his life was his love to God.

Men who sat under his teaching before he had reached his prime have given expression in our presence, to their conviction that Dr. Dabney was even then the most godly man whom they had ever met. His students in his old age at Austin, were wont to speak of him as St. John. One proof of his practical godliness is found in the fact that he was a man of whom people in trouble and need were wont to go in order to find comfort and help. We have seen no one whose life was more governed by principle—by what he thought to be the teaching of God's Word. He tried to regard himself, and all he possessed as God's property.

Springing out of the foregoing mental, moral and religious traits were certain other remarkable characteristics, among which was

3. A very marked humility of mind before God, and generosity in judging his fellowmen.

In a man of such mental power one might, at the first moment, expect an attempt at daring and rationalistic speculation—an attempt to solve the insoluble, or in event of failure, to deny the inscrutable as to fact. But no man of our acquaintance has recognized the limitations of the finite mind more steadily than Dr. Dabney. He stands in this respect in distinguished contrast to some other great and even conservative men of his age. Like a few of the very greatest men he had a true sense of the littleness in grasp and power of the greatest finite intelligence in the presence of the being and mystery of an infinite God and His ways. Coupled with this humility before God was an unwonted generosity in judging of the characters of his fellowmen. Severe in his condemnation of evil conduct and vicious principles, he had a profound regard for God's handiwork wherever seen. He seemed free, entirely free, from envy. He knew what slander was and despised it. Except for the purpose of subserving the interest of truth he rarely related anything of any man that was discreditable to that man. And we doubt whether any minister of our church showed day by day more of genuine and considerate regard for his brethren in the ministry. We know that he never spoke save in kind terms of many who criticized him roughly. We knew him very intimately as a student knows an indulgent master at whose table he sits; and we know whereof we have spoken. We know that few men in the church have habitually spoken more generously of his brethren than he did. And he thought so generously of his friends and favorite pupils that they were sometimes in positive danger therefrom. He projected his own great powers upon them and sometimes represented them as quite different and much greater that they really were.

4. Another trait of Dr. Dabney, as we knew him, was his perpetual youth—his young interest in everything going on in the world. Some old men, even old men of power and talents, seem to lose interest in movements contemporary to their old age. They were once interested in all the new isms, movements in church or state for good or evil; but it is no longer so. They are willing for young men to study the new departures; but they did their studying of the like thirty years ago. Dr. Dabney's interest in the things about him and in events in the great

world at large never seemed to wane. He remained a learner as long as he lived. He sought new information with avidity. No wide-awake young man distanced him in this. He was, on this account, exceedingly attractive to young men. They found him ever putting himself on the same plane with them—ready to learn what interested them with all zest.

While he was so interested in every new movement, he by no means regarded all the new as good. This brings us to the last trait of which we shall speak in this paper.

5. He was conservative in theology, philosophy and statesmanship. He was always and everywhere applying the inspired precept, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." He was consequently at war much in his age—with the atheistic and infidel theories of physical science which have so largely prevailed, with the various forms of evolution, anti-Biblican in their essence, with false psycologies and false philosophies, whether pantheistic or materialistic, with jacobinism, and "mobocracy" in politics, with Palagianism in every form and Unitarianism in every shade, in theology. Satisfied as to the correctness of the Westminster System of doctrinal teaching and satisfied as to the substantial truth of the common sense philosophy of the Scotch school he has given the ablest, though not the simplest exposition and defense of this theology and has enlarged, deepened, and ennobled the Scottish philosophy, showing clearly that it is the philosophy of common sense—the only philosophy worthy of acceptance—and the philosophy of the Bible as well.

Dr. Dabney has received much criticism as ultra-conservative. Perhaps in some minor matters he was too antagonistic to change; but we confidently await the verdict of history on his conservatism. We do not believe that he was too conservative in most matters and we feel sure that had he been less conservative he would not have served the Church in his generation so well. The Church needed guidance by a man who could and would look before he leaped—before he abandoned the tried old for the untried new. Our age is so impressed with its own greatness; it is so intoxicated by its brilliant achievements in amassing material wealth and making physical discoveries, that it esteems itself too highly. It tends to despise all that it has not itself discovered. It is too ready to receive the new because it is new and to throw away the old because it is old. Every age runs toward godlessness. Much of the new in our age is godless, hence we are in danger of repudiating the best of our inheritance from the past. Hence, also, our need of some man with penetration and insight to discern between good and evil and with heroic boldness to warn us against an evil course, and with the thunderbolt of Thor to demolish the ramparts of error.

Dr. Dabney was a great man. We can not tell just how great yet. One can not see how great Mont Blanc is while standing at its foot. One hundred years from now men will be able to see him better.

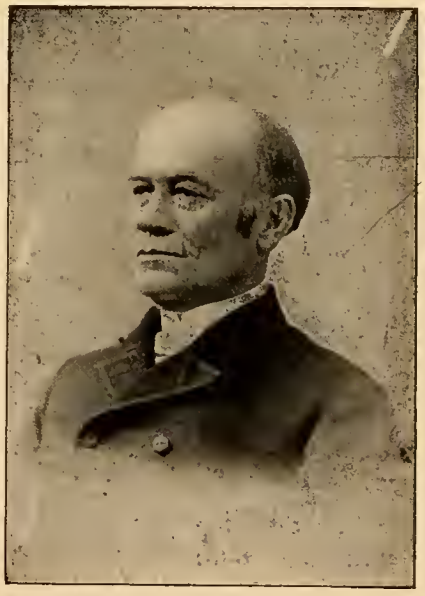
It may be interesting to some who have not seen Dr. Dabney to be told that he was in personal appearance commanding. He was about six feet in height, in his youth slender but in middle age of excellent proportions. He had a noble brow, well shaped and capacious, piercing black eyes set in deep sockets, a large well formed nose, thin lips, mouth and lower face expressive of great firmness; in his old days a patriarchal beard and abundant hair, both very white—an imperial looking man, a man apparently capable of great things. His movements were always quick, nervous, forceful, though not graceful. His manner and bearing were in no wise unworthy of his great character.

Edward H. Barnett.

BY THERON H. RICE,

OF FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ATLANTA.

IN the year 1859, a young man of nineteen entered Hampden-Sidney College. After two years of vigorous work he graduated with first honor at the Commencement of 1861. His boyhood had been of the kind which is famous for developing so large a number of the world's able men. Edward Hammet Barnett was born in Montgomery County, Virginia, October 8th, 1840. While he was yet a mere boy his father died and his mother, taking her three children with her to her father's home in Christiansburg, kept Edward at his books and school until he was sixteen. At that age the son deemed it necessary and right to seek his independence and entered the ranks of business in the employ of the Atlantic, Mississippi, and Ohio Railroad, now the Norfolk and Western Railway. During the three years of service under this corporation he not only laid by money enough to enter College, but also read so industriously and well that he was able to complete his course in half the usual time.



EDWARD H. BARNETT.

The next training for his life work was acquired in the stern school of war. Immediately after his graduation he entered the army as third sergeant of a students' company, was captured at Rich Mountain, Northern Virginia, paroled and exchanged in 1862. He then entered the Fifty-fourth Virginia Infantry, in which he was

promoted to captain and quartermaster, and was afterwards transferred to the Twenty-first Virginia Cavalry, with which he gallantly served until the surrender of General Lee.

"In September, 1865, he entered Union Seminary, Virginia, graduated in 1867, and was licensed to preach by Montgomery Presbytery April 19th, 1867."

His independent work began January 14th, 1870, when, having accepted a call to Abingdon Church, he was ordained to the full work of the ministry by Abingdon Presbytery. In March of this year he married Miss Caroline L. Trent, of Buckingham County, Virginia, laying the foundation of that beautiful life which was one of the elements of his power.

The First Presbyterian Church of Atlanta, Georgia extended Mr. Barnett a call in 1873 which he declined. In 1882 this church renewed its call and Mr. Barnett accepted it; but his Presbytery refused to release him. The Atlanta people immediately renewed the call and at last Presbytery consented to release him. He entered upon his new work in May, 1883. Here he labored for over fifteen years.

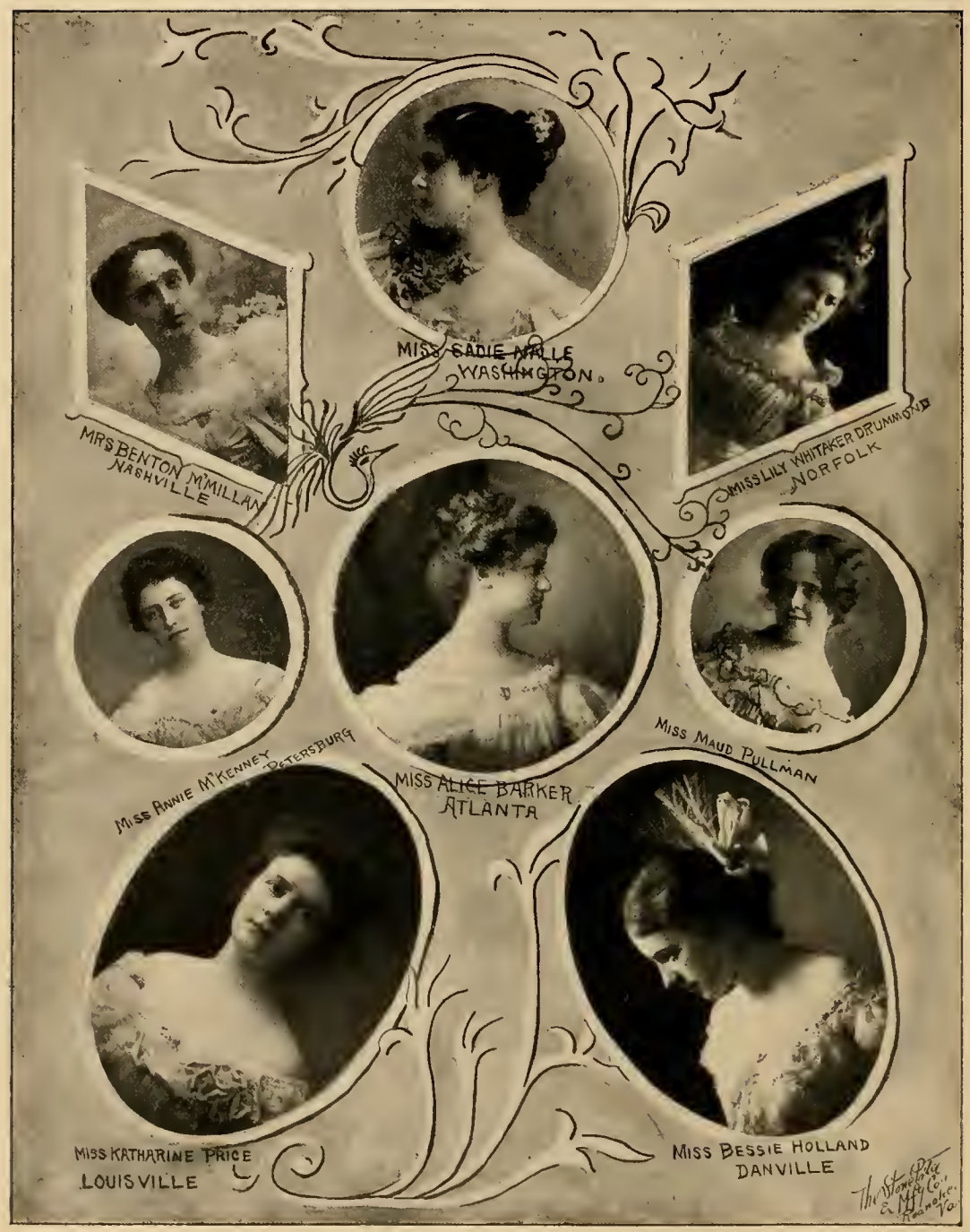
On Tuesday, September 20th, 1898, the Rev. Edward Hammet Barnett, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Atlanta, Georgia, entered into rest. After months of increasing physical weakness, against which his strong will battled almost to the last, his robust frame gave way to the power of an insidious and fatal disease. Surrounded by his wife and children, ministered to by the people of his pastoral charge, greeted with visions of the "Delectable Mountains," and attended through the Valley of the Shadow of Death by a brightness which dispelled its gloom, he quitted these earthly scenes for the glories of heaven. A very brief description of this noble alumnus in some of the aspects in which men saw him must conclude this sketch. As a man probably Dr. Barnett's most striking characteristic was geniality. He had a large and warm heart with sympathies keenly alive to everything good. His good-will overflowed upon everybody and everything which it could righteously go out to. His presence brightened and warmed men when he came into their midst. The rugged Saxon vigor of his frame, the superabundant life-force, furnished the physical basis and, at the same time, an appropriate manifestation, of these spiritual traits. He would sometimes enter a bank or counting-room, be there but a moment, the next minute gone, and yet it was as if a sunbeam had flashed into a shady place. There would be a brightness on men's faces which had not been there before and which would die away when he was out of sight. It was remarked by a brother minister that one of the things Dr. Barnett always carried to Presbytery and Synod, which nobody else could contribute, was his inimitable sunniness. As might be inferred, a strong humorous strain was native to his constitution but, as is usually the case with such natures, there was a quick sensibility to pathos and tenderness. Hard by the fountain of smiles lay the fountain of tears. Thus he was qualified to rejoice with

those who were glad and to weep with those who wept. All was touched and chastened by sanctifying grace.

As a preacher he was expository. His dominant desire was to understand the Bible as thoroughly as he could from the original texts and to make men understand it. He had lectured to his people on the Old Testament from the beginning through the reign of Solomon. He was fervid and persuasive in his manner and touched the heart.

He was a student, indefatigable, versatile, all his life. He read the Bible again and again all the way through in the original languages, making grammatical and exegetical notes as he read. He was one of the few busy pastors who kept up his studies so well that he was earnestly sought by Union Theological Seminary to fill one of its chairs. His studies were not confined to theological subjects but ranged over history and literature at large.

His people would probably say that of all the capacities in which they knew him he was greatest as a pastor. Certainly he was remarkable in the systematic, regular and frequent visitation of his flock; his warm and gentle heart made him a royal "son of consolation" to the sorrowing; and his brightness and fun lighted up the gatherings of the young and happy with that innocent merriment which is one of the good gifts of God to this sad world.

He was one of the humblest of men, but when he lay low in his coffin that morning of the funeral great multitudes thronging his bier, filling the church aisles until there was no standing room, following the hearse to Westview Cemetery, and banking the grave with costly flowers, attested the honor in which the faithful minister was held by hundreds of hearts. It was said by a prominent citizen that all Atlanta loved Dr. Barnett. Men remarked as they watched the long line of carriages file past, that not since the death of Henry Grady had the city seen such a funeral. Another honored name is inscribed upon the lists of Hampden-Sidney's noble dead.

SOUTHERN BELLES.

SOUTHERN BELLES.

Thinking and Dreaming of Former Days.

BY J. D. EGGLESTON, JR.

IF thinking and dreaming of former days is a sign of old age, the writer must be numbered among the ancients. It has often seemed to me a peculiar privilege to have known in childhood, boyhood, and young manhood such men as Drs. Dabney, Peck, B. M. Smith, H. C. Alexander, Latimer, and Holladay; and to have had the many traits of their many-sided characters brought vividly before one. It would be impossible, I believe, to name a group of men that have left a stronger impress upon the younger generation. It was a group that combined intellect and brilliancy and humor with character of unsurpassed strength.

For sheer intellect and towering force of character, Dr. Dabney was the greatest man it has been my privilege to know. His figure is colossal, and if the present generation does not become decadent—and there is some danger of it—his name will steadily grow and history will give him the place he deserves as one of the greatest men the South has produced.

The tender friendship which existed between my father and Dr. Dabney gave me opportunities as a boy of seeing more than the outward aspect of the

latter's character. In a question of right and wrong, Dr. Dabney was like flint, and shallow eloquence, short-sighted expediency, and impatient and superficial ideas of principle beat themselves to foam against the immovable rock of his logic. But he had that gentleness and generosity and sweet simplicity that all really great men have, and that made those who had the rare privilege of seeing these traits of his character love and admire him intensely. It is not my intention, however, to draw a word-picture of the men named in this sketch, but rather to relate pleasant reminiscences of them, gathered from the many memories that cluster about one's boyhood.

Whether true or not, this story is characteristic and will bear another telling: Dr. Dabney's youngest son, Lewis, had too much of his father's inquiring mind not to make matters embarrassing occasionally, a habit that some boys have. Dr. Dabney, who was for a number of years co-pastor with Dr. Smith of the College church, had preached a great sermon on "Love." At the dinner-table that day the conversation naturally reverted to the splendid sentiments contained in the able discourse, when suddenly Lewis interrupted the even flow of the conversation with the question, "Pa, does you love everybody?" Dr. Dabney replied that he hoped so.

"Pa, does you love the negroes?"

"Certainly I do, Lewis!"

"Pa, does you love the Yankees?" persisted Lewis.

There was a pause, and Dr. Dabney replied, "Lewis, eat your dinner and don't ask so many questions!"

It is said of Chief Justice Marshall that he once carried a turkey through the streets for a young man who felt himself above such menial work. I have seen Dr. Dabney in his shirt-sleeves, working on the sidewalk that stretches between Mr. Hart's store and the west end of the village; and he was, I believe, the instigator of that walk. Nothing could be more charming than was the simplicity of the man, into whose guileless heart the feeling never lodged that using a hoe or appearing in one's shirt-sleeves under such conditions is very shocking to some people whose supersensitiveness of nerves increases as their good sense diminishes. I remember vividly the contempt I felt when a child, for a critic, now forgotten, who doubtless thought that the laundered collar "maketh the man," and who was laughing because she had seen Dr. Dabney on the train with a small bucket of butter in his hands.

During my Senior year at college (1885-86) and the session following, I often went to Seminary chapel on Wednesday nights to see some of the students plume their young wings for noble flights. I would as soon have faced a modern battery as to have preached a trial sermon in the presence of Drs. Smith, Peck, Alexander, Latimer, and Moore. The audience had to retire before the "skinning" commenced, and it was a merciful thing to the students that this was so. Sometimes

I kept my seat, and sometimes not even the unrighteousness of the act could keep me from slipping upstairs and taking my seat in the gallery of the chapel in order to hear the rare bits of criticism which always followed any stupendous effort that was *vox, et præterea nihil.* Did any rash fledgling dare to soar to lofty flights or attempt to cover poverty of thought with richness of verbiage, I know of nothing that could have prevented my witnessing the keen manner in which Dr. Peck thrust through it all, or hearing the plain, matter-of-fact comments of Dr. Smith and shaking with laughter at the irresistibly humorous criticisms of Dr. Alexander, or enjoying the complete demolition of the effort by Dr. Latimer and the graceful and at times humorous words of Dr. Moore.

It is disparaging to none to say that Dr. Peck's criticisms were always highly valued by those who really wished to learn. One night "Joe" Vance preached a trial sermon—and he was much above the ordinary—and every professor had something to say except Dr. Peck, who arose in his turn and said that he had no remarks to make. His silence was more ominous to Vance than any criticism the venerable Doctor could have given. To Vance's mind it was very evident that the Doctor preferred to keep silent rather than thrust him through and through. And so, after a night and morning of miserable uncertainty, Vance called on the Doctor at his study and told him he appreciated his kindness in not wishing to hurt him, "but," said he, "I have come to ask you to criticize my sermon freely and not spare me." Dr. Peck looked perfectly grave as he said, "Well, Mr. Vance, to be perfectly frank with you, I did not hear a word of it. I was asleep!" and then shook with that laughter of his that was thoroughly contagious.

Dr. Peck had a vein of humor that was delightful in its mellowness. It was a trait that was not suspected by the casual observer, for a man who loved and followed truth as uncompromisingly as he did, could not but seem severe at times. Without the brilliancy of Dr. Alexander, the ready speech of Dr. Smith, or the tremendous force of Dr. Dabney, he was not equalled by any one of them in the splendid poise of his judgment. His learning was great, his thinking was profound, his language was logic itself, his conclusions were preeminently safe; and schooled as he was to severe study, it required the privilege of friendship in his ideal home to know not only that he had a rich vein of humor, but that his heart was as tender as a little child's and his sympathies as warm as a woman's. One recalls the time when the sad tidings were brought him of the passing away of Stockton Mosby, when the saintly teacher burst into a flood of tears and wept in deepest grief.

But the severe studies in which he engaged, made the humorous side of life the more enjoyable to one who was so easily moved by humor. I can never forget the day when, at the dinner-table, I told what I considered one of my choicest jokes, at which the Doctor laughed heartily. Mrs. Peck, with that delightful raillery for which she was noted, quietly remarked to me, "Joe, you must not

feel too much elated over Mr. Peck's laughing so. He laughs at any kind of a joke!" And the Doctor's enjoyment of that good thrust far exceeded his enjoyment of my joke.

Several of the young ladies of the Hill, and their escorts, were invited to tea one evening. We had all been seated a moment, when the Doctor, whom I had not seen that day, came in and took his seat. At once we bowed our heads for a blessing, and Dr. Peck said, "Mr. Eggleston!" My heart traveled at lightning speed to my shoe, for I had never asked a blessing. I looked up, much startled, and he said, "Good evening!" My first look of utter dismay, and then the very rapid and relieved manner in which I responded, "Good evening, Doctor!" was too much for the gravity of the Doctor and the guests, and the entire table was at once convulsed at my expense.

Dr. Peck's devotion to study may be judged from this story, which I have never heard contradicted: When he first began to preach and was paid his salary by check, he took the check to bank to have it cashed. The cashier handed back the check to the young preacher and told him he would have to endorse it. Dr. Peck wrote on the back of the check, "I fully endorse the within," and signed his name!

It was a liberal education to have known Dr. Alexander. A great traveler, an omnivorous reader, a charming raconteur, it was a rare good fortune to listen to him and to hear the wealth of information and reminiscence that poured from his lips in language sparkling with most delightful humor.

I have never known any one who could tell a ghost-story with more hair-raising effect than Dr. Alexander. He was charming to children, and at his invitation we sometimes met at his hospitable board, none but little people being permitted to be present, and after tea were told stories that made our mouths open and our eyes look like saucers. We were in a tremor of terror, yet so enthralled that we invariably plead for "just one more," and I remember that one night I deliberately decided to take a whipping by remaining overnight on the Hill without my father's permission, rather than run a gauntlet of ghosts by walking home through the woods by the old pond or walking by a negro graveyard on the main road. The excuse proved of sufficient force to ward off the expected punishment.

It was at the "Club" that Dr. Alexander's humor shone brightest. The mere twinkle of his eyes foretold the fun that was certain to follow, and that finally resulted in an outburst of inextinguishable laughter. The subject booked for discussion one evening was "Stanley." Henry M. Stanley was just back from his immortal trip "through darkest Africa," and of course he was meant when the subject was proposed. Dr. Alexander was on the class for discussion, and he purposely jumbled every Stanley of whom he had ever heard. With a pretennaturally solemn face he told of Stanley's wonderful discoveries in Africa, of

Stanley's brilliant chess-playing, of having heard a great sermon preached by Stanley in Westminster Abbey, and of Stanley's translation of the Iliad.

What made the occasion tenfold more humorous was that some of the members failed to understand the situation, and looked at the speaker as if they thought him a fit subject for an asylum. Dr. Latimer was so overcome by the solemn and amazed expressions of some of the serious members, that I thought Dr. Morton Holladay, who was himself almost exhausted by laughter, might have a case of apoplexy to treat, and when the speaker concluded and a member observed in all seriousness that he had had no idea that Stanley was so versatile a man, the Club surrendered all dignity, and even Professor Holladay, who usually laughed in a very quiet manner, completely collapsed. Altogether it was one of the most humorous situations it has been my privilege to witness. Dr. Blair, who had been enjoying the scene in his quiet way, observed, " Dr. Alexander, I am surprised that you omitted Stanley the sailor!"

" I never heard of him," replied Dr. Alexander.

" Well," said Dr. Blair, " he went in search of *a mean bay* (Emin Bey)!"

Dr. Alexander was an earnest believer in minute doses of quinine taken at intervals during the day. He came to the drug-store one morning in the early fall of '89 and asked for a box (one hundred) of one-grain capsules. About a month later he came into the store and in a state of scarcely suppressed excitement inquired if he had asked, a month previously, for a box of one-grain quinine capsules. I informed him that he had asked for a box of one-grain capsules, but not for quinine capsules. " And do you mean to tell me that I have been taking one-grain empty capsules three times a day for a month?" he exclaimed. I was so overcome by the ludicrousness of the picture that I am sure I would have laughed had I been facing the cannon's mouth; but I managed to reply that if he hadn't filled the capsules he had been doing that very thing! I asked him how he had made the discovery. He said he had taken all in the box except four, and that one of them that morning had accidentally fallen open and he noticed at once that it was empty. The remaining three were found likewise. With a half-groan, as he left the store, he said, " I know I am full of malaria!" What made the affair the more amusing was that the Doctor had been telling some of his friends what a splendid effect these capsules were having on him, and advising them to try the same treatment. When the humor of the situation dawned on him, he told the joke on himself in his own inimitable style. Although it was agony to me to do so, I kept the matter a secret, telling no one except my father and Dr. Holladay and binding them to strictest confidence.

Dr. Alexander had a horror of such expressions as " in our midst," " things of time and sense," etc. One night at Seminary chapel, his criticism of a young sermon by a young preacher who had aroused the Doctor's literary ire by the unfortunate use of these expressions, was as follows: " There are certain things in the animal world that always go together. For example, the broad bill and the

webbed foot. Whenever a speaker uses the expression, 'in our midst,' you may be certain that 'things of time and sense' will follow!"

I remember as a very small boy that Dr. Smith always had a pleasant word for the children and never failed to speak to us in a kindly way. His sweetness of expression attracted children, and he had a quaint humor about him that provoked a laugh, did we dare give expression to it in the presence of one whom we knew to be a great and good man. A distinguished minister told me recently that when he was a student at the Seminary he received a telegram calling him to the bedside of his father. "Dr. Smith heard of it," said he, "and came at once to my room and talked with me. My own mother could not have been tenderer than he was in his expressions of sympathy. There was nothing perfunctory about it, and I have never forgotten it." This was one trait of his character that made him so beloved as a pastor.

Dr. Smith could cure youthful presumption, whether in trial sermons or on the street. A college boy met the old gentleman one day and in a quite chirpy and familiar tone said, "How do, Doctor!" The Doctor stopped and asked quietly, "What is your name, sir!" With a very important air young Verdant Green replied, "I am ———, a college boy." "Well," said Dr. Smith, "college boys are like negroes in one respect—it is hard to tell one from another."

A Seminary student read his trial sermon at chapel one night. Dr. Smith's comment on the discourse was, "If the gentleman *will* read his sermon, he ought to learn to read!" I can remember distinctly how impressively the Doctor could read hymns. I have never known any one who could approach him in this.

Dr. Smith would come out upon the street sometimes, with a letter or note in his hand, ask the first person he met if he knew "of any one going to Farmville." It became quite a joke, and one morning Mr. Conway Taliaferro—about whom, by the way, could be written a separate article of reminiscences—came out from Mr. Hart's store and saw Dr. Smith approaching. Several gentlemen were standing in front of the store. Mr. Taliaferro gave the wink and said he was going to forestall the Doctor, as he knew he would ask if he knew "of any one going to Farmville." He called out, "Good morning, Doctor! Do you know of any one going to Farmville this morning?" "Yes," said Dr. Smith, "I am going in a few minutes. What can I do for you?" Mr. Taliaferro was completely floored, but replied meekly that he would like to send a note by him. The Doctor said he would wait for the note, so Mr. Taliaferro compromised by requesting him to ask how much balance he had at bank. He said afterwards that he had not had a balance at the bank for weeks, of which fact both he and the cashier were well aware. The story is told that Dr. Smith once received a letter from the president of a female college telling him that one of his daughters who recently entered the school was doing very nicely, but was, just then, "suffering from a severe attack

of nostalgia." Without stopping to think of the nature of the disease, he took the first train and on arriving at the school found that his daughter was in no danger from an acute, but harmless, case of homesickness, which attacks almost every one at some time in life.

Our old cook once said of one of my friends, "Me and him is mighty familiar friends." And so, I may say that with Dr. Latimer I was not so "familiar" as with the others mentioned. He was a prodigious student. When called to the Seminary to teach church history, he remarked that if there was one subject in the course that he knew nothing about, it was church history. But in this modest estimate of his equipment the students did not agree with him. To them he seemed perfectly familiar with every branch of the subject. It was his conscientious preparation, however, that helped to hasten his death. Many a time his study-lamp could be seen burning brightly into the late hours of the night. Dr. Latimer had the reputation of being a splendid Greek scholar; yet he did not make a specialty of Greek until he became chaplain at the University of Virginia. He told me that he went to the professor of Greek and said he wished to take his course. The professor replied rather sarcastically that the chaplains always "took" Greek, but rarely finished it! Dr. Latimer said the remark made him determined both to "take" it and to "finish" it. I think he graduated at the head of the class.

It would be impossible in a short sketch to give an adequate picture of Professor Holladay. A separate article of anecdotes and reminiscences would be scarcely sufficient for this many-sided man. He was a prince among men. He had great wit, but it mellowed under the sweet sunshine of his nature before it passed his lips. His humor was charming and irresistible. I never knew but one man who could talk with Professor Holladay and not be completely captivated by this exquisite quality, which he possessed to a preeminent degree. And really the man wasn't to blame, for where his bumps of humor should have been, there was, I am sure, a depression, and a man without humor should have pity, not censure, if he will only keep his distance. As Baldwin says of Burwell Shines in "Flush Times," "three such men at a country frolic would have turned an old Virginia reel into a dead march."

It is safe to say that in the famous days of the "Club," Professor Holladay and Dr. Alexander were the life of it. Their humor was the spice which seasoned every mental feast to a delicious turn. And yet in a crowd Professor Holladay was always retiring, and as quiet as he was permitted to be. It was his wonderful personality that made him a marked man in any group of men, and that permeated everything with which he had anything to do. For myself, I could not dissociate Hampden-Sidney from Professor Holladay, or vice versa. So marvelous was his influence among the college boys that the institution and the man separated were

to me unthinkable. I can not say that no college boy ever failed to love, admire, and respect him, but I am frank to say that I never knew one that did not have these feelings for him. How did he have such an influence? is a question I have often asked myself. So one might ask the same question about Arnold, of Rugby, or James H. Carlisle, of Wofford, or Agassiz. It was not what the man knew, it was what he was. Professor Holladay was a man of brilliant attainments. His record at college, I have been told, has never been equalled, and one of his classmates said to me only a few years ago that the members of his class did not ask from a professor the solution of the most abstruse problem or the translation of the most difficult passage of Latin or Greek if " Lewis Holladay " was around. But it was not these attainments that gave him his influence. He was greater than all these. No boy in trouble ever found a kindlier sympathy awaiting him—yea, searching him out—than Professor Holladay's. He could rebuke as sternly as any man I have known, but the culprit knew the rebuke was just and that it was given in sorrow and without a trace of harshness or bitterness. As a youth at college I often said to myself with joy, " I believe Professor Holladay likes me!" and, I doubt not every other boy said and thought the same thing for himself. We are not too old to know the power of love in the teacher of the past. In the present rush for knowledge, the modern teacher is too prone to forget this greatest attainment, if indeed he has ever given it a thought. And too seldom does some powerful Great Heart like Professor Holladay cross the path of our lives, breathe inspiration into our sleeping souls, and pass away, while we who have had the precious privilege of having known and loved him, erect in our hearts imperishable monuments to his memory.

Professor Holladay had no classes below the Junior year, but he had equally as great influence over the Freshmen and Sophomores as over the Juniors and Seniors. I did not like the studies he taught, and so there were others under whom I learned more and whose studies I enjoyed. But when there came a conflict of right and wrong in my soul, I did not think of these; it was the powerful influence of Professor Holladay, whose great character won my love and my awe, that came to me, and in many a doubting time helped me to choose the better way. His death was one of the greatest griefs of my life, and who that knew him can look upon the dear old Hill, sacred with the memories of the noble and saintly men and women who have passed to their reward, and not have a wistful longing that his familiar figure may be seen on the afternoon walk and his pleasant greeting rest upon one like a benediction? My language will not be considered extravagant by those who were in college under him. Should it seem so to those less fortunate, permit me to say in conclusion that I loved and admired and reverenced him with a height and depth and breadth that words can not describe. Only one other teacher I have loved and admired equally, the teacher of my school-boy days at old Prince Edward Academy, whose sterling worth is above praise and who is to-day one of the few that remain to link the present with the sacred past.

"Princedard" Court-house Alias "Wooshum."

BY THOMAS W. HOOPER.

I GIVE the name, like the English language as she is spoke, not written. At the time to which these annals of a quiet neighborhood refer, as Paul said of Tarsus, it was not a city, but a village of which the villagers might say, I am a villager of no mean village. It was somewhat straggling in its streets, laid off as Knickerbocker says of lower New York, by the cows going out to pasture by the easiest grades. It was not THE "court-house," for that was appropriated by all the students from Tcharlotte, as Mozes Adums wrote it, to harmonize with the local vocalism, and applied to that monumental village, now called "Smithville." This name I suppose, was in honor of one John Smith, whose devoted head was saved from being smashed into smithereens by one Pocahontas, a lineal ancestress of John Randolph of Roanoke, also of Tcharlotte County.

The two counties always had a kind of Scotch-English border grudge about Little Roanoke bridge, near the border, on account of the royal names accorded to them respectively in the days of loyalty to England as a kind of spiteful, colonial stepmother. But our "Court-house" got the bulge on Smithville when Hampden and Sidney were both embalmed, unlike Miles's beef, in the splendid mausoleum on College Hill.

The first glint I got of the Court-house was when, in August, 1850, my father and I, seated on tired horses, at Kingsville, another village, looked over the umbrageous shrubbery of that beautifully undulating and richly cultivated country, and saw the quiet cozy houses peeping through the branches of fruit and shade trees. As we rode down the slope of a gently declining hill, we passed the beautiful residence of *old*, old Dr. Mettauer, then head surgeon of the Medical Department of Randolph-Macon College. A little further on we passed on the same side, the embowered home of Judge Asa D. Dickinson, whose two beautiful sisters-in-law were then visitors at his home, and made a Freshman, green as the

grass of his country home, *dis*-remember "the girl he left behind him." Further up the road on the left, we found the residence of Dr. B. F. Terry, our "Alabama," for this was to us the place of rest.

To say that I was not lonesome when my father left, would be to make young George Washington go back on his principles. Raised in the good old county of Hanover, where the slashes of Topotomoi verge on to the deeper slashes of Chickahominy, I never got lonesome,—for it was home, made supremely happy by a mother, father, brothers and sisters, and negroes who had been my playmates from the days of babyhood. But away off at the embryo Wooshum, haunted by memory of miles up the canal, and then miles across Cumberland, and still wearier miles on that hard trotting horse through "Formville," I felt lonesomer than I did when alone at the Exposition in Vienna, in 1873.

But give the young man a chance, and amid congenial spirits, the dew of youth will soon sparkle in the sunshine of a new environment. Not a month had passed before I had a speaking acquaintance with over one hundred boys, and some of these I love to-day as I did in those young days, when ties are so easily formed, and often, alas! as easily broken.

The first shock given to me, the son of an elder, was when the venerable pastor of the church drank a glass of wine in an elder's parlor. It may have been for his stomach's sake, or his often infirmity. But I was a strange boy far off from home, a home where not even domestic wine was manufactured, and that scene left an impression on my memory and heart which is sad for me to think of to-day. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," is a lesson that can not be too early, or too indelibly burnt into the brain and conscience of a young boy.

As the days went merrily and monotonously by, there were many changes among the students who boarded at the Court-house, and these, *ex necessitate*, formed a society of their own. The most of us lived out in offices, as where Winston and I roomed at Dr. Terry's. At Mr. Andersons, "Aunt Sam's," "the gray mare being the better horse," Blair and Tom White roomed. And at one time there was another office in the corner of the yard, where roomed together, if I mistake not, at one time, or at different times, David M. Lockett, of Powhatan, Jim Hammersley, of Charlotte, George Ford, of Cartersville, Charlie Woodson, of Buckingham, Daniel A. Penick, of North Carolina, and Clem Fontaine, of Cumberland.

Lockett and Hammersley went off to Alabama, and, as Dr. Johnson said, "teeched a leetle schule." Lockett died in Texas, and I buried his young daughter, after a year's unhappy marriage, in Selma. Hammersley I met on the Mechanicsville Turnpike during the war, a gallant soldier in the "Canebrake Rifles," and as such he fell, and was buried on the soil of his native state.

Charlie Woodson, who stuttered so badly, on occasions, that no professor could ever grade his recitations, is a planter in Alabama.

Winston I met not long since, and he reminded me of several of my youthful logical deductions. He was desperately in love with one of the sweetest of the village maids. I advised him to go ahead, court and marry her, giving as a clinching argument that she was delicate and could not live long, *and her death might serve as a means of grace to him.* He might have said as the Dutch woman said to Longfellow when he gave her a little coin, " Thou blessed babe!"

Clem Fontaine—De La Fontaine, as he wanted to Frenchify his name, but we student founders of the immortal Wooshum would not allow it,—lived near Wytheville. He received a center shot at dinner one day, when "Aunt Sam," with all the caustic suavity of an old Virginia mother, said to him, " You, sir, must remember that notoriety is not fame, and you are making yourself notorious, but not famous."

Tom Ward White, with his auburn locks and flowing broomstraw beard, is still " sloshing around " the wilds of Texas and Indian Territory, for no " pent-up Utica " can circumscribe the ubiquitous proclivities of this indefatigable evangelist.

Daniel Penick, we are both preachers now, and it was long, long ago. We were all playing leap-frog, and as Daniel deftly put his hand on my shoulders, for an acrobatic leap, I tucked my head and shoulders, and Daniel fell flat on the hard beaten pathway. Knowing that it must be a fight or a footrace, I took him at the disadvantage of getting back his lost breath, and scooted beyond range of anything but " *vox, et præterea nihil.*" When we met again his anger had gone as his lost breath returned, and we were, and no doubt are, warm friends to this present.

There was another wonderful advantage we Wooshumite students enjoyed in those days. That was attendance upon county and circuit courts, not to mention the general muster of the militia once a year. On one of these militia musters I took the place of a private in a cavalry company, on a blooded bay mare. I had learned to ride horseback almost as soon as I had learned to walk, and I shall never forget the fun of that rollicking day. The infantry, composed of the *melish*, and the " Farmville Blues," armed and equipped, were drawn up in line, and we, the cavalry, were ordered to charge. Then as we drew near and the bayonets were charged, we were ordered to retreat at the sound of the bugle. Over and over again we charged, and on the retreat my little mare would get her mettle up and away she would go for a mile. I think I must have ridden ten miles that day, and did not fully recover for a month.

Ah me! How little did we think then that in less than a decade, these fuss-and-feathers militia, with cocked hats and plumes, would become Confederate soldiers! But many of the cavalry and the infantry of those halcyon days of peace are now sleeping in honored graves; or wounded, worn and weary, are contrasting, with deserved contempt, the complaints made at the meagre rations issued during our recent war with Spain. The old Court-house has no cause to be ashamed of the gallant sons of that day, whether living or dead.

But the courts! Ah! "There were giants in those days." There was old Judge Leigh of Halifax, who would have been an ornament to the supreme court in those better days of the republic. There was John T. Thornton, W. C. Flournoy, Hunter Marshall, A. D. Dickinson, Samuel Anderson, Wood Bouldin, and others whose names do not occur to me now, in the lapse of these lingering years. But as I look across that bloody chasm, which closed not only the war, but so many of the traditions, the fortunes, the homes, the professions, the very idiosyncracies and idealities of the old Virginia gentleman, I can only close my eyes upon the glory gone forever.

Let Princedward Court-house be called Wooshum! For one, I do not care if the old traditions and memories crumble with the dust of those who once made her the garden spot of Virginia.

63403

COLLEGE LIBRARY

Fifty Years Ago==1849=1899.

BY JOSEPH McMURRAN.

A HALF century ago, Hampden-Sidney College was not as well and widely known as it is now. Though, then, three-quarters of a century old, its patronage seemed to be confined to the counties adjoining Prince Edward and to a few neighboring cities. To reach the College from Farmville was by conveyances hard to get and the trip cost as much as from Lynchburg to Farmville. The only means of reaching these places was by private conveyances from the adjoining counties and by stages from Lynchburg, Milton, North Carolina, and Petersburg. There were two routes from Richmond, one by stage all the way, another by the James River Canal to Cartersville and then by stage forty miles across country over the Old United States Mail Route from New Orleans by Cumberland Court-house. As an inducement to students to enter college and make this long journey, the catalogue says "the College is surrounded by a community, distinguished for intelligence, morality and purity, in the families of which students may enjoy all the social advantages consistent with a life of study." This way students found to be true and it served to make their sojourn at the College a pleasant one, the memory of which clung to him through life. In the beginning of the session of 1849-50 a change had taken place in the administration of affairs. The new president, Rev. Lewis W. Green, who came from Kentucky with a high reputation as a teacher and preacher, had just entered upon his duties. Professor Charles Morton had returned full of hope from his canvass of the State for the sale of the scholarships that had been recently established, and the session opened with an improved financial prospect and a larger number of students. The faculty now consisted of Rev. Lewis W. Green, D. D., president; Charles Morton, professor of ancient languages; Charles S. Venable, professor of mathematics; Richard Sterling, professor of natural philosophy and chemistry; and William H. West, principal of the preparatory department, which then occupied the second story of the Stewart Hall.* In this connection the venerable form of the Rev. Dr.

*Now the residence of Mrs. Eggleston.—Ed.

Benjamin Rice, who was for so many years the faithful pastor of the College church, looms up and recalls his efficient service to the students, many of whom still remember his often preached sermon on the text—" Children obey your parents in the Lord," but he has long since gone to receive the reward of a faithful servant. The Class of 1850 had only two graduates: Gustaves A. Buss and Edmund O. Fitzgerald, but the enrollment that year reached one hundred and forty-six, a larger number than had been in attendance for many years. The College seemed to have taken a new lease of life and from this renaissance may be dated its continued prosperity to this day. In the beginning of the session 1850-51, the mathematical course was advanced one year, so that most of the Class of 1851 recited their mathematics with the Junior Class. The graduates of 1851 numbered thirteen and the total enrollment for the year was one hundred and twenty-two. With the revival of interest in the College the students renewed their interest in the two literary societies, the Union and Philanthropic, which have added so much to the important work. To increase an interest in the debates the Philanthropic society determined in 1851 to present a gold medal to the best debater of the graduating class in that society, the selection to be made after a set debate by contestants. The first contest was between Robert Dabney and Phil W. McKinney, and after a long, earnest and honorable effort, P. W. McKinney was decided the victor and the first medal of the society was conferred upon him. The presentation took place at Commencement, and his warm personal friend, H. Clay Dickinson, made the presentation address. The college buildings, campus, and surroundings were fifty years ago not very attractive in appearance. The feeling seemed to prevail that to have things otherwise would tend to make students lazy and effeminate. Lest the students should become luxurious in their habits the furniture of the dormitories were of the plainest and most meagre kind. Window curtains, wash-bowls, pitchers, rocking chairs, lounges, soft beds and easy chairs were things unknown.

Some were fortunate enough to have rooms in private families and these fared better, though they missed the big 'possum and coon supper furnished every Friday night after the literary society meetings by the good-natured darkies that had the run of the college passages. This was the only source of supply for extra eatings that the students of that day had. There were two prominent officials connected with the College during this period who formed a necessary and important part of its machinery. " Uncle " Billy Evans was for three-quarters of a century its janitor and bell-ringer and could tell the names and characteristics of all those enrolled in the College for many years past and was often consulted in making a list of old students. So attached did he become to the bell that the tricks played upon it by mischievous students were a great annoyance to him. Davis Ross was the assistant of Uncle Billy in his old age and after his death was made chief in the place of the old man, who lies buried near the College church. The saddest thought in reference to this period is the fact that all the heads of families

that furnished homes and contributed to the social life of the students of a half-century ago, have passed away and the younger members of the families that formed the society of that vicinity are either dead or have gone to other and distant homes, and only the sweet memory of their genial life remains to recall the past of Hampden-Sidney. Their names and kind deeds are still cherished but we forbear to call the names of the fair of that day lest the reader may think them no longer fair but changed into " old ladies " by the unsparing hand of Time. We would, however, rather regard them as the same entertaining, kind-hearted lovely women, as of yore, bearing the title of our girls in reality even down to old age.

The Literary Societies in the Old Quarters.

BY P. H. GWINN.

THE society halls were in the center of the old college building on the top floor just over the chapel, separated from each other by a partition, each being half the width of the main building. To enter the halls one had to ascend the long stairway leading to the last floor from which one descended about three steps to the floor of the society halls. Just across the passage-way and opposite the door of each society hall was a chamber which was used as the goat room of the society. Into these rooms the candidates for membership were crowded to await the signal of entrance from the grand mogul, summoning them into his august presence. With fear and trembling, glancing here and there for the goat, they answered his summons on the memorable night of their initiation, and soon found themselves grouped about the sacred chair of the mogul, listening to the ancient and imposing ceremony which was to induct them into membership and seal their engagement to be loyal to the principles of the society. The ceremony being over they were seated upon chairs in orderly fashion around the walls of the room.

The halls were striking in appearance and equally striking in their difference. The Union hall was a large rectangular room furnished with elegant simplicity and modesty. The carpets and tapestry were costly and so well chosen as to give a majestic appearance to the dimensions of the room. A handsome round table with beautiful cover stood in the center of the hall on which lay about a dozen books of splendid binding. Just opposite the table against the wall was the president's chair properly elevated upon a platform and finely cushioned and curtained. It was supported by two other chairs intended for officers of less dignity and consequently less pretentious but quite in keeping with the fitness of things. When lighted in the evening the light fell in softened splendor about the room making a pleasant impression upon the eyes and adding beauty and impressiveness to the scenery of the hall.

On the other hand the Philanthropic hall was neither circular nor rectangular in shape, but somewhat between the two, as if it had been built upon the maximum

section of a huge ostrich egg; so constructed, it was supposed, for artistic or oratorical effect. It was no less elegantly but more elaborately furnished than the Union hall. The dimensions of the room were less imposing than those of the adjoining room, owing to the shape of the walls. It was thought by many, however, to be superior to the Union hall in the beauty of its appointments and adaptation to public speaking. The difference in the appearance of the two halls was a tacit recognition of the difference of taste. What is true of these societies is true, perhaps, of all college societies; for experience has shown that it is better to have two societies than one, not only to stimulate the students by wholesome rivalry, but to meet the tastes of different men. In regard to society matters we may say, as in other things, *de gustibus non disputandum.*

The appearance of the halls, however, is of slight importance compared with their design. They were the chosen places to encourage and develop the literary talent of the young men; and they served the purpose well. The methods used in the cultivation of the art of public speaking were, for the most part, excellent. By way of encouragement several medals were given for proficiency in speaking, besides an opportunity to gain a place among the speakers chosen for public occasions. The *esprit de corps* of each society being very fine, the newcomer soon learned to be perfectly at home on the floor of his hall, though his first experience was often quite painful.

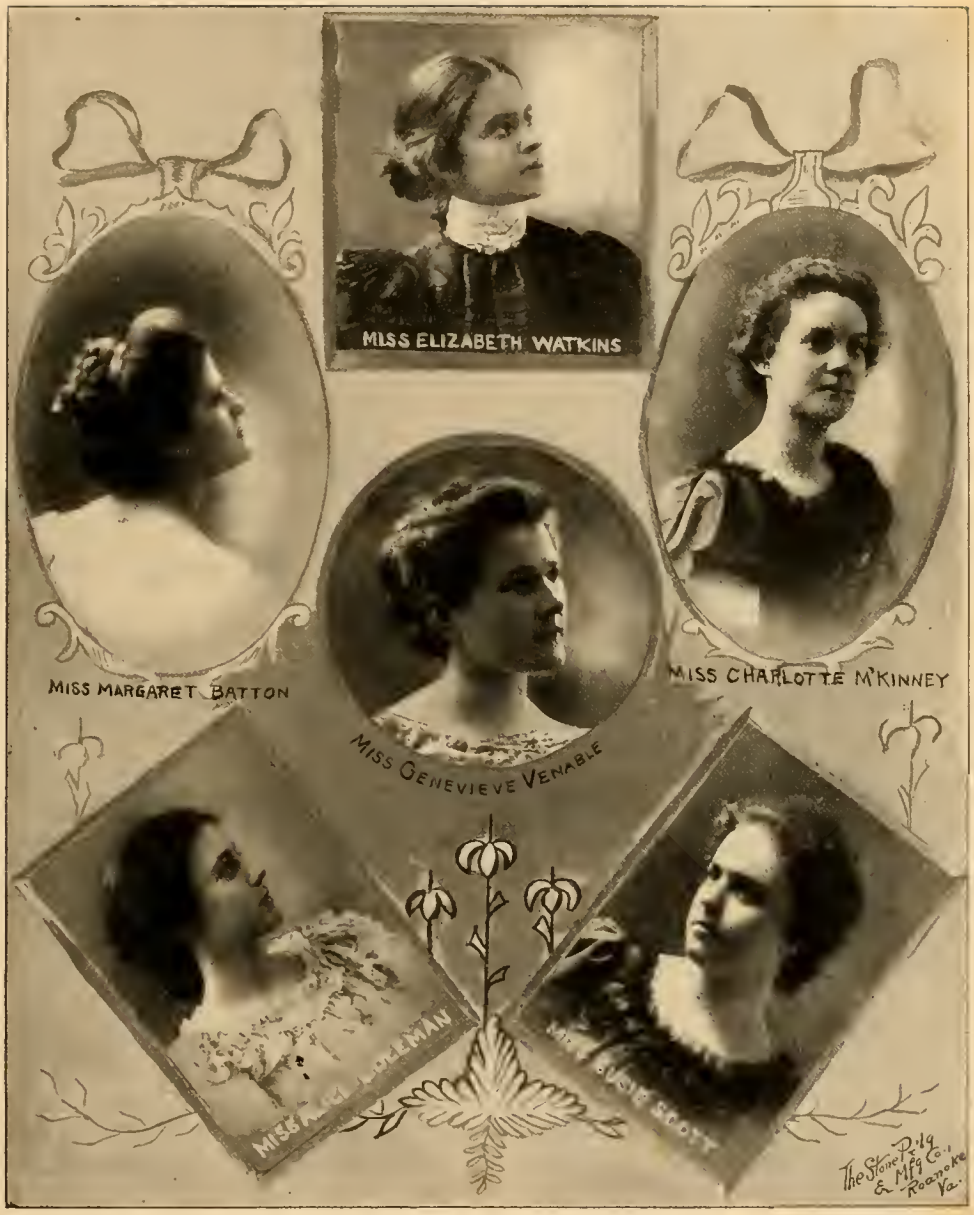
Of the two societies, perhaps more attention was paid to debate in the Union, and to oratory in the Phip. This may in part account for the observable difference in the style of the oratory of the societies. The Union orator was quiet, philosophical, logical; the Phip. orator, graceful, impassioned, sublime. The ideal of the former was the style of John C. Calhoun; of the latter, Daniel Webster. Albeit on public occasions, barring native ability and careful preparation, there was no marked difference in the quality of oratory by the representatives of the two societies.

At this period in the history of the College each society owned and controlled its own library. The books were stored away in the walls of the society halls being arranged in shelves and enclosed with glass or wooden doors. While this gave each hall quite a literary appearance, the arrangement was not without grave disadvantages. It separated books that ought to have gone together and often necessitated long search for a desired book, involving much waste of valuable time. The desire of the students to preserve the handsome appearance of the halls forbade their use as reading rooms. The time for procuring books from the libraries was confined to certain hours in the week. If it chanced to be inconvenient for one to get books during these hours, he would probably postpone the matter indefinitely, especially if his literary zeal was not very great.

It is the opinion of the writer that a library should be so arranged and controlled that a student may have access to it at any reasonable hour in the day. The reading room feature should be attached with comfortable seats and tables to

encourage students to acquaint themselves with the best authors and to browse among the most celebrated literary productions. The room should be kept comfortable in all kinds of weather. In such a place, with such surroundings, one catches a kind of inspiration—a sort of silent communion with the masters of all ages. Here, too, one learns how to find what he may want in future years, while cultivating a *love* of books. In former years these privileges were denied the Hampden-Sidney student; but it is stated upon good authority that, in this respect, great improvements have been made in recent years. Old students are looking with confidence and pleasure to the day when the enlarged library of the College will be stored away in the fine building formerly used as a library by the Union Seminary, and when funds will be forthcoming to purchase annually the best books on the market. God speed the good work of the literary societies of Hampden-Sidney College.

The Poetry of Motion.

With foot aglance, she whirleth by,
With face aflush and dancing eye,
Soft mingled with the music's swing;
With spin and turn and airy fling,
Amid dance patterns many-ply
And muslin folds that swirl and sigh,
While dainty ankles peep and spy
Beneath her frock's soft fashioning
With foot aglance.
Ah, what mean they, those ankles shy?
And those soft smiles and glances sly?
And on the rhythmic waltz's wing
Ah, what so glad and brightening?
And all this tripping two-step, why?
With foot aglance.

SOME OF OUR FAVORITES IN THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Mors et Vinum.

The night is young as yet—in truth,
  Perhaps 't will never have an end
For us—so fill that carven bowl
  Once more with ripe old wine, my friend;
Drink, drink! forget that thou art old,
  Strike hand across the board with me;
Taste life once more, while yet our eyes
  With all their wonted clearness see.

The gladiator, as he bent
  In awe, before the purpled throne
That marked the seat of him, who called
  The circlet of the world his own;
Cried "We who are about to die
  Salute you, Cæsar;" where he stood,
Ere long the shining sand was dyed
  With that same stoic warrior's blood.

So thou and I shall go to meet
  The shadow, ever drawing nigh,
With that same dauntless heart that taught
  The stately Roman how to die;
We 've drunk to Love and Youth and Hope,
  Now, while we have a little breath,
Pour out the oldest, reddest wine,
  And we will drink a toast to Death.

Mors regnat. That dark stream, that flows
  Beside the shadow-haunted shores
Called Life and Death, for thee and me
  With ever-growing clearness soars;
And those thick mists that three-score years
  Half break before the fated draught,
That makes our life's true meaning plain.

Senior Class.

MOTTO: *Ὁ τῆ Κάλλιστα.*

COLORS: Orange and Black.

YELL: Bom-a-lack-a! Bom-a-lack-a!
Bow! Wow! Wow!
Chinck-a-lack-a! Chinck-a-lack-a!
Chow! Chow! Chow!
Bom-a-lack-a! Chinck-a-lack-a!
Who are we?
Ninety-nine! Ninety-nine! H.-S. C.

Officers.

FIRST TERM:		SECOND TERM:
W. W. BONDURANT,	President	J. A. OWEN.
GEORGE FITZGERALD,	Vice-President	R. W. EDMUNDS.
J. L. LINEWEAVER,	Secretary and Treasurer	GEORGE FITZGERALD.
T. P. CROSS,	Historian	T. P. CROSS.

Post-Graduate Students.

EUGENE CRAIGHEAD CALDWELL, *K Σ*, V., J. H. C., Philanthropic, Oxford, N. C.

President of Class, 1894-95; Prize Scholarships 1894-95-96; Gymnasium Team, 1894-95-96-97-98; Director, 1898-99; Member of *Annual* Staff, 1895-96; Debater's Medal, 1895-96; Secretary of Class, 1895-96; Class Historian, 1896-97; Treasurer of Y. M. C. A., 1896-97; *Magazine* Staff, 1896-97-98-99; Intermediate Orator, 1896-97; Final Orator, 1896-97; Junior Essayist's Medal, 1896-97; Manager of Class Football and Baseball Teams, 1897-98; Senior Orator's Medal, 1897-98; Editor-in-Chief *Magazine*, 1897-98; Editor-in-Chief KALEIDOSCOPE, 1898; First Honor and Valedictorian, Commencement, 1898; Fellow, 1898-99.

TECUMSEH HARWELL THOMPSON, Union, Petersburg, Virginia.

Freshman Declaimer's Medal; Class Baseball Team, 1895-96-97; *Magazine* Staff, 1897-98; Gymnasium Team, 1897-98; Business Manager of the '98 KALEIDOSCOPE; Second Honor and Latin Salutatory, Commencement, 1898; Fellow, 1898-99.

BALLOU
BARNETT
BONDURANT
COLE
CROSS
EDMUNDS
FITZGERALD

Members.

Nathaniel Talley Ballou, *Π Κ Α*, Union, Danville, Virginia.

Class Football Team, 1896-97; Class Baseball Team, 1896-97-98; Gymnasium Team, 1896-97-98.

Edward Henry Barnett, *Β Θ Π*, Union, Atlanta, Georgia.

Treasurer of Class, First Term, 1896-97; Class Football Team, 1896-97; Class Baseball Team, 1896-97.

William Walton Bondurant, Philanthropic, Rice, Virginia.

Freshman Declaimer's Medal; Freshman Prize Scholarship; Sophomore Prize Scholarship; Class Football Team, 1896-97-98-99; Treasurer of Y. M. C. A., 1897-98-99; Vice-President of Class, First Term, 1897-98; Junior Intermediate Orator, 1897-98; Final Junior Orator 1897-98; Associate Editor of Kaleidoscope, 1897-98-99; President of Class, First Term, 1898-99; Assistant Librarian, Senior Year; Final President of Philanthropic Literary Society, 1899.

Howson White Cole, Jr., *Κ Σ*, J. H. C., R. H. O. C. T., Union, Danville, Virginia.

Vice-President of Class, First Term, 1895-96; Marshal Intermediate, 1895-96; Chairman Band Committee, 1896-97; Marshal Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest, 1896-97; Junior Orator, Intermediate, 1896-97; Member of Orchestra, 1896-97-98; Leader of Orchestra, 1898-99; Secretary of Class, Second Term, 1897-98; Associate Editor of '98 Kaleidoscope; Marshal at Senior Celebration, 1897-98.

Lucius Falkland Cary, *Χ Φ*, Philanthropic, Randolph, Virginia.

Tom Peete Cross, Union, Norfolk, Virginia.

Magazine Staff, First Term, 1898-99.

Albert Henry Deihl, Philanthropic, Charlestown, West Virginia.

Orchestra, 1896-97-98; Glee Club, 1896-97-98.

Richard Watkins Edmunds, Union, Farmville, Virginia.

Class Baseball Team, 1897-98-99; Vice-President of Class, Second Term, 1898-99.

George Fitzgerald, *Χ Φ*, Philanthropic, Richmond, Virginia.

Class Baseball Team, 1897-98-99; Class Football Team, 1898-99; Vice-President of Class First Term, 1898-99; Secretary and Treasurer, Second Term, 1898-99; Senior Orator's Medal, 1898-99.

Thomas Sanford Hart, *Ψ Γ Δ*, J. H. C., R. H. O. C. T., Worsham, Virginia.

College Baseball Team, 1896-97; Class Baseball Team, 1896-97-98; Secretary of Class, First Term, 1897-98.

IRONS
HOUSTON
JOHNSON
JONES
LORRAINE
LOVE
LAING

Raleigh Courtney Gilliam, Philanthropic, Farmville, Virginia.

Harry Rutherford Houston, *Π Κ Α*, V., J. H. C., R. H. O. C. T., Union, Amsterdam, Virginia.

Secretary Class, First Term, 1895-96; Vice-President of Class, Second Term, 1895-96; Freshman Declaimer's Medal; Class Baseball Team, 1896-97; Associate Editor of '97 Kaleidoscope; Sophomore Essayist's Medal; Sophomore-Freshman *Magazine* Medal; Marshal Intermediate Celebration, 1896-97; Class Football Team, 1896-97; Junior Orator Intermediate Celebration, 1897-98; Vice-President of Class, Second Term, 1897-98; Local Editor of *Magazine*, Second Term, 1897-98; Junior Orator Final Celebration; Inter-Society Oratorical Contest, Junior Year; Glee Club, 1897-98-99; Manager of Art Department, Kaleidoscope, 1898; Marshal Senior Night, 1898; Hampden-Sidney Dramatic Club, 1899; Senior Orator's Medal, Union Society; Editor-in-Chief of *The Magazine*, 1898-99; Editor-in-Chief of Kaleidoscope, 1898-99; Oratorical Contest, 1899.

Frank Ernest Irons, Union, Pickaway, West Virginia.

Class Historian, 1897-98.

John Richard Johnson, Jr., *Φ Κ Ψ*, V., *Θ Ν Ε*, J. H. C., R. H. O. C. T., Philanthropic, Christiansburg, Virginia.

College Baseball Team, 1896-97; Class Football Team, 1896-97-98; Manager of Class Football and Baseball Teams, 1897-98; President and Leader of German Club, 1897-98; Manager of College Football Team, 1898-99; Manager of College Baseball Team, 1898-99; President of Hampden-Sidney Orchestra, 1898-99; Business Manager of Kaleidoscope, 1899.

Thomas Catesby Jones, *Β Θ Π*, V., J. H. C., Union, Petersburg, Virginia.

President of Class, First Term, 1895-96; Historian of Class, 1896-97; Class Baseball Team, 1896-97; Vice-President of Y. M. C. A., 1897-98-99; Debater's Medal, 1897-98; Final Marshal, 1898; Kaleidoscope Staff, 1898-99; *Magazine* Staff, 1898-99; Vice-President Athletic Association, 1898-99; Final President of Union Society, 1899.

Jacob Summers Kennison, Union, Academy, West Virginia.

John Tanner Kinnier, *Κ Σ*, Union, Lynchburg, Virginia.

College Baseball Team.

James Sloan Kuykendall, *Δ Τ Ω*, R. H. O C. T., Union, Romney, West Virginia.

Intermediate Junior Orator, 1897-98; Final Junior Orator and Captain of Class Football Team, 1897-98; Captain College Football Team, 1898-99; Elected Captain of College Football Team for 1899-00

Morriss Darel Langhorne, *Φ Γ Δ*, Pulaski, Virginia.

Vice-President of German Club; Class Football Team, 1897-98.

Thomas Kay Laing, Union, Sun, West Virginia.

Class Football Team, 1896-97-98; Class Baseball Team, 1896-97-98; Gymnasium Team, 1897-98-99; College Football Team, 1898-99; Senior Orator, Intermediate, 1898-99.

Jesse Luther Lineweaver, Philanthropic, Harrisonburg, Virginia.

Historian of Class, 1894-95; Class Football Team, 1896-97; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., 1896-97; Secretary and Treasurer of Class, First Term, 1898-99.

McDANALD
McFARLAN
McLAUGHLIN
OWEN
PRESTON
PILSON
SEE
STONE
ROANOKE

Wellford Bohannan Lorraine, *Π Κ Α*, Philanthropic, Richmond, Virginia.

Secretary of Class, Second Term, 1896-97; Marshal Oratorical Contest, 1896-97; Marshal Final Celebration, 1896-97; Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association, 1897-98; Junior Orator Final Celebration, 1897-98; Chairman Invitation Committee, Intermediate, 1897-98; Secretary of Class, First Term, 1897-98; Business Manager of Hampden-Sidney *Magazine*, 1898-99; Delivered Senior Orator's Medal, 1898-99.

John Marion Love, Union, Petersburg, Virginia.

President of Class, Second Term, 1895-96; Marshal Intermediate, 1895-96; Class Baseball Team, 1895-96; Gymnasium Team, 1896-97-98.

Eugene Chester McDanald, Philanthropic, Farmville, Virginia.

Class Historian, 1895-96; Delivered Sophomore Debater's Medal, 1896-97; Junior Intermediate Orator, 1897-98; Ministerial Scholarship, 1897-98; Oratorical Contest, 1898-99; Final Senior Orator, 1898-99.

Wallace Bent McFarland, *Β Θ Π*, R. H. O. C. T., Philanthropic, Staunton, Virginia.

John Atkinson Owen, *Φ Κ Ψ*, R. H. O. C. T., Union, South Boston, Virginia.

President Athletic Association, 1898-99; President Class, Second Term, 1898-99.

Thomas Jones Payne, *Κ Σ*, Philanthropic, Chatham, Virginia.

Matthew Finley Pilson, *Β Θ Π*, Philanthropic, Staunton, Virginia.

Marshal Final Celebration, 1895-96; Class Football Team, 1896-97-98; Treasurer of Class, First Term, 1896-97; Chairman Arrangement and Band Committee, 1897-98; Corresponding Secretary of Y. M. C. A., 1897-98; President of Class, Second Term, 1897-98; Delivered Junior Essayist's Medal, 1898; President of Y. M. C A., 1898-99; Substitute on College Football Team, 1898-99.

Thomas Blair Preston, *Φ Κ Ψ*, *Θ Ν Ε*, Union, Lynchburg, Virginia.

Vice-President of Class, First Term, 1896-97.

Robert Gamble See, Philanthropic, Ft. Defiance, Virginia.

Secretary of Y. M. C. A., 1897-98; Class Football Team, 1897-98; Class Baseball Team, 1897-98; Senior Intermediate Orator, 1898-99; *Magazine* Staff, 1898-99; Cullingworth Essayist Medal, Philanthropic Society, 1897-98.

Senior Class History.

"YE who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth and that the deficiencies of to-day will be supplied by the morrow, listen" to the history of the Class of '99.

Little did we think when first as Freshmen we trod the classic halls of Hampden-Sidney that one day we too should join the honored band whom we then regarded as "the fountain and source of all knowledge." We looked upon the position of a Senior as pilgrims upon the sun-lit summits of the Delectable Mountains, and our sheepskins as things to be hoped for rather than expected. But now that we have reached the heights to which we then so aspiringly cast our eyes in the morning of our college career, we find alas! that we are but like Rasselas escaping from the Happy Valley, for we find before us, not Elysian fields of pleasure, but the stern realities of life. And yet, may we not hope that, during the brief period of respite afforded us by the coming vacation before we enter once and for all into the great struggle of life, resolves will be made and fixed purposes formed, which shall lead to grand results? Time alone can tell *this;* but without surmising as to the future we can at least say that so far our class has not been found wanting either on the athletic field or in the classroom, for we have contributed our quota to the College football, baseball, and gymnasium teams; and more than one '99 man has been numbered among those honored by the literary societies or by the student body at large. Laying aside malice, distrust, jealousy, and all that would contribute to render our association as classmates anything but pleasant, shoulder to shoulder we have pressed on through the burning sun of college curriculum up "the flowery (?) pathway of knowledge," toiling, struggling, and—I may add—"kicking," with unflagging energy.

Nor is this all, we have the honor of enrolling among our number many whose qualities have gained for them undying fame among their fellow students. First and foremost stands he whose wisdom in all branches of human knowledge is so great as to bar description. He can discourse with equal fluency on Newton's Laws of Motion, Plane Polarized Light, or the subject of Dialectic Evolution. We all do know his name—Bondurant. Or, peradventure, you may wish to hear of him whom men call "Mud Fense," a mighty man in Israel, who draweth inspiration from, well somewhere, for his puns are odorous with ill-timed analogies and obscure resemblances. He diligently searches the depths of Carhart or the carefully prepared volumes of Hines and Noble but for the fell purpose of hurling an unheard-of pun at some guileless passer-by. Nor are we lacking in pure religion and undefiled, for we daily expect to see "Breth," and "Line," arm in arm describing uniform rectilinear motion for the Pearly Gates of Eden. We are not, moreover, one whit behind the very chiefest class in College in the matter of natural curiosities, for we have among our number the lengthy shoes of "Nit," the legs of "J. R.," and the feet of "Dick." Alas! gentle reader, we must say farewell!

HISTORIAN.

Junior Class.

Motto: Paddle your own canoe.

Colors: Orange and blue.

Yell.

Rip! Rap! Tip! Tap! Boo! Whoo! Whoo!
Hampden-Sidney! Orange and Blue.
Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Bah!
1900! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Officers.

First Term:

A. S. Caldwell, President.
H. S. Stokes, Vice-President.
P. Cochran, Secretary.
T. W. Hooper, Treasurer.
W. C. Bell, Historian.

Second Term:

W. B. Buford, President.
T. D. Gilliam, Vice-President.
T. N. Jones, Secretary.
H. S. Stokes, Treasurer.
W. C Bell, Historian.

Members.

Hazel Arthur Barrow, Philanthropic, Farmville, Virginia.

Wilbur Crosby Bell, $\Phi\ \Gamma\ \Delta$, Philanthropic, Milnesville, Virginia.

Sophomore-Freshman *Magazine* Medal, Sophomore Debater's Medal, 1897-98; Secretary of Class, First Term, 1897-98; Class Football Team, 1897-98; Historian of Class, 1898-99; *Magazine* and *Annual* Staff, 1898-99; Intermediate Junior Orator, 1898; Final Junior Orator, 1899.

Thomas Ballard Blake, Jr., $K\ \Sigma$, Union, St. Louis, Missouri.

Samuel Collins Bradley, Union, Sherman, Texas.

Substitute College Football Team, 1897-98; Class Football and Baseball Teams, 1897-98.

William Watson Brand, Philanthropic, Staunton, Virginia.

College Football Team, 1898-99; Class Football Team, 1897-98-99.

Francis Wilbur Bridges, *B Θ Π*, Philanthropic, Hancock, Maryland.

Class Baseball Team Freshman Year; Vice-President of Class, Second Term, 1896-97; Marshal, Final Celebration, 1898.

Harry Percival Bridges, Philanthropic, Hancock, Maryland.

Warren Bruce Buford, Union, *Φ K Ψ*, Union, Roanoke, Virginia.

College Baseball Team, 1897-98-99; Class Baseball Team, 1897-98-99; President Class, Second Term, 1898-99; Marshal, Intermediate, 1898-99.

James Spencer Burger, Philanthropic, Farmville, Virginia.

Alfred Shorter Caldwell, *K Σ*, Philanthropic, Oxford, North Carolina.

Class Historian, 1896-97; Treasurer Class, First Term, 1897-98; Vice-President Class, Second Term, 1897-98; President Class, First Term, 1898-99; *Annual* Staff, 1898-99; College Football Team, 1897-98-99; Class Football Team, 1896-97-98-99; Captain Class Football Team, 1898-99; Alternate Captain College Football Team, 1899-1900; Gymnasium Team, 1896-97-98-99; Track Team, 1897-98; All-round Athletic Medal, 1897-98; Assistant Gymnasium Director, 1898-99; Delivered Sophomore Debater's Medal, 1898.

Otis Manson Clarke, Union, South Boston, Virginia.

Sophomore Essayist Medal.

Lavillon Dupuy Cole, *K Σ*, J. H. C., R. H. O. C. T., Union, Danville, Virginia.

College Baseball Team, 1897-98-99; College Football Team, 1898-99; Class Baseball Team, 1897-98-99; Class Football Team, 1897-98-99; Marshal, Final, 1898-99.

Peyton Cochran, *B Θ Π*, Philanthropic, Staunton, Virginia.

Secretary Class, First Term 1898-99; Secretary and Treasurer of General Athletic Association, 1898-99; Intermediate Band Committee and Final Invitation Committee, 1898-99; Marshal, Final, 1898.

Charles Bledsoe Crute, Philanthropic, Farmville, Virginia.

Franklin Davis, *Π K A*, Petersburg, Virginia.

John Wesley Dixon, Union, Abilene, Virginia.

Class Football Team, 1897-98-99.

Henry Owen Easley, *Ν Φ*, Union, South Boston, Virginia.

James Chambless Eley, Philanthropic, Suffolk, Virginia.

Finley Monwell Eversole, Union, Rural Retreat, Virginia.

Prize Scholarship, 1896-97-98; Ministerial Scholarship, 1896-97-98; Treasurer of Class, First Term, 1898-99; Class Football Team, 1896-97-98; Manager of Y. M. C. A. Reading Room, 1898-99.

Louis Spencer Epes, Philanthropic, Blackstone, Virginia.

Class Football Team, 1898-99.

Robert Carron Fugate, Union, Abingdon, Virginia.

College Football Team, 1898-99; Class Football Team, 1898-99; Class Baseball Team, 1898-99; Gymnasium Team, 1898-99.

Thomas Dupuy Gilliam, Ν Φ, Philanthropic, Hixburg, Virginia.

Class Baseball Team, 1896-97-98-99 Class Football Team, 1897-98-99; College Football Team, 1898-99; Gymnasium Team, 1898-99; H.-S. Dramatic Club, 1898-99; Track Team, 1898.

J. Thomas Goode, Jr., Φ Γ Δ, Union, Skipwith, Virginia.

Class Baseball Team, 1896-97-98; Class Football Team, 1896-97-98; College Football Team, 1898-99.

Edward Beverly Herndon, Σ Ν, J. H. C., Union, Shreveport, Louisiana.

President Class, First Term, 1896-97-98; *Annual* Staff, 1897-98-99; College Baseball Team, 1897-98-99; Class Baseball Team, 1897-98-99; Class Football Team, 1896-97-98; Gymnasium Team, 1896-97-98-99; Marshal, Intermediate, 1897-98-99; H.-S. Dramatic Club, 1898-99; Captain of College and Class Baseball Teams, 1897-98-99.

Thomas Williamson Hooper, Jr., Π Κ Α, Union, Christiansburg, Virginia.

Gymnasium Team, 1897-98-99; Class Baseball Team, 1897-98-99; Orchestra, 1898-99.

Porter Young Johnson, Union, Norfolk, Virginia.

Class Baseball Team, 1896-97; Junior Intermediate Orator, 1898-99; Track Team, 1897-98.

Thomas Nathaniel Jones, Π Κ Α, J. H. C., R. H. O. C. T., Union, Smithville, Virginia.

Treasurer of Class, First Term, 1896-97; Class Baseball Team, 1896-97; Secretary of Class, 1896-97; Marshal, 1897-98; Class Historian, 1897-98; Secretary of Class, Second Term, 1898-99; Final Junior Orator, 1898-99.

George G. Junkin, Christiansburg, Virginia.

James Montgomery Kelly, Union, Abingdon, Virginia.

Class Football Team, 1898-99; Gymnasium Team, 1898-99; Junior Debater's Medal, Union Society.

Charles Lee Kemper, Union, Warrenton, Virginia.

John Evans Lowery, Union, Norfolk, Virginia.

Annual Staff, 1896-97; Freshman Declaimer's Medal; Glee Club, 1896-97-98-99; College Baseball Team, 1896-97-98-99; Class Baseball Team, 1896-97-98-99; Class Football Team, 1896-97-98; Intermediate Orator, 1899; Deliverer of Essayist's Medal, 1898; H.-S. Dramatic Club, 1898-99; Final Junior Orator, 1899.

George Douglas Moore, Ν Φ, Union, Charlestown, West Virginia.

College Baseball Team, 1898-99; Class Baseball Team, 1897-98-99.

Ray Atkinson Moore, Philanthropic, Hampden-Sidney, Virginia.

Samuel Edmund Osborne, Κ Σ, Philanthropic, Duffields, West Virginia.

College Football Team, 1897-98-99; Class Football Team, 1897-98-99; Gymnasium Team, 1897-98-99.

Joseph A. Payne, Philanthropic, Yancey Mills, Virginia.

James William Handy Pilson, $B\ \Theta\ \Pi$, J. H. C., Philanthropic, Staunton, Virginia.

Marshal, Final Celebration, 1896-97; Captain of Class Teams, 1896-97-98; Secretary Class, Second Term, 1896-97; Chairman Final Band Committee, 1897-98; President of Athletic Association, First Term, 1898-99; College and Class Base Ball Teams, 1898-99.

Michaux Raine, Union, Danville, Virginia.

L. C. Randolph, Philanthropic, Colleen, Virginia.

Edward H. Richardson, $K\ \Sigma$, Philanthropic, Farmville, Virginia.

Intermediate Junior Orator, 1898-99; Vice-President of Class, Second Term, 1898-99; Manager of Class Baseball Team, 1898-99; Treasurer of Y. M. C. A., 1899; Final Junior Orator, 1899; Orchestra, 1898-99.

John Andrew Sydenstricker, Academy, West Virginia.

Gymnasium Team, 1898-99.

John Wilson Somerville, $\Sigma\ X$, Philanthropic, Mitchell's, Virginia.

Treasurer Class, 1897-98; Marshal at Intermediate, 1898-99; College Baseball Team, 1897-98-99; Class Baseball Team, 1897-98-99; College Football Team, 1897-98-99; Class Football Team, 1897-98-99.

Henry Straughan Stokes, $\Phi\ K\ \Psi$, Philanthropic, Farmville, Virginia.

Treasurer of Class, Second Term, 1898-99; Secretary Y. M. C. A., 1898-99; Class Football Team, 1898-99.

Harry Lucien Stephenson, $\Sigma\ X$, Union, Roanoke, Virginia.

Track Team, 1897-98; Gymnasium Team, 1899; Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association, 1899; H.-S. Dramatic Club, 1898-99; Orchestra, 1898-99; Chairman Final Invitation Committee, 1899.

John Edwin Triplett, Philanthropic, Duffields, West Virginia.

Charles Irvine Wade, $\Phi\ K\ \Psi$, R. H. O. C. T., Union, Christiansburg, Virginia.

Track Team, 1897-98; Orchestra, 1898-99.

David Comfort Watkins, $\Pi\ K\ A$, Union, Smithville, Virginia.

Class Football Team, 1897-98; Orchestra and Glee Club, 1897-98.

William Crawford Wauchope, Philanthropic, Hampden-Sidney, Virginia.

Thomas Hamilton Wyly, $\Sigma\ X$, Atlanta, Ga.

Junior Class History.

IT WAS long ago, early in our Freshman days, that the man who was chosen to chronicle our deeds said of us that the only friend we had was Providence. But, "times have changed since those times," and now we are numbering our friends by squadrons instead of individuals. For we have always been a devil-may-care sort of class, and a certain Wise Man from Amelia once said that we were the only people he had ever seen who didn't mind flunking on exams. And, indeed, we think the man spoke truly, for really we don't mind that sort of thing very much, we are preeminently a philosophical class and we believe in taking life easy. As a natural consequence we have no "bright particular stars," and, when we burn the midnight oil, it is usually for other purposes than that of study. But every one says that we are a "nice" class from A clear down to Z, and we have a marvelous faculty for scrambling through exams.

However, we have shown that we can stick to a thing till the light goes out, for, contrary to the usual custom, our numbers have waxed larger and larger as time has gone by. We started out with about thirty-eight Freshmen; forty men struggled through Soph. English into Juniordom; and this year, when we had finished selling the Sophomores books they didn't want and had time to look around us, we found that we were still forty in number.

Our really strong point is athletics. Last year victory perched on our standard and since then she has made it her permanent home. We tried a tussle with '99 over the pigskin, and when it was ended, '99 kicked itself individually and collectively. On the diamond we were not less strong, for our baseball game with '99 was only the same story set to a different tune.

Another thing worthy of note is the variety of famous men that go to make up our class. There is Jones, the crack Latin scholar; Epes, our compendium of information; Cole, the man of the world; Osborne, a "lad o' pairts"—and very large ones they are; Pilson, who rejoices in the name of James William Handy. Then there is Hart, who goes to Farmville and comes back speaking strange words of dark eyes and long lashes. One, too, there was, Randolph, L. C., a philosopher and metaphysician, who wrought out strange theories about the "Idea of the Immaterial," but he staid only long enough for us to learn to love him. These are only a few of our great men, but the historian, like all other mortals, must adapt himself to circumstances, and space allows no more. Ere long the mantle of the Seniors will fall on us, and already we have a dignity above the dignity of Sophs. and Freshmen. There be many lions in the way but if the presiding deities, which being interpreted is the faculty, are willing, we hope to pull through, and then, perhaps, when our day is over there can be found a man more fit to tell our story than

THE HISTORIAN.

Sophomore Class.

MOTTO : Sic itur ad astra.

COLORS : Navy blue and white.

Yell.

Whoola, Whoola,
Ziz ! Bah ! Bun !
H. S., H. S. 1901.

Officers.

FIRST TERM :

J. W. KINNIER, President.

H. B. STONE, Vice-President.

B. C. AVERILL, Treasurer.

E. E. PAYNE, Secretary.

R. H. WEBB, Historian.

SECOND TERM :

J. L. DAVIS, President.

P. D. JOHNSTON, Vice-President.

B. C. AVERILL, Treasurer.

W. M. KEMPER, Secretary.

R. H. WEBB, Historian.

Members.

Edgar Ardine Allen . . . . . Rocky Mount, Virginia
James Anderson Armistead, Jr., ... Stoddert, Virginia
Barr Cushing Averill . . . . . Beaumont, Texas
John Wilson Barrow . . . . . Smithfield, Virginia
George Francis Bell . . . . . Putney's, Virginia
Saunders Blanton . . . . . Farmville, Virginia
Edward Elliott Booker . . . . . Snyder, Virginia
Francis Augustus Brown . . . . . Norfolk, Virginia
Charles Augustus Clemmer . . . . . Swoope, Virginia
John Lawrence Daniel . . . . . Farmville, Virginia
Jeddy Lee Davis . . . . . Charleston, West Virginia
Thomas Reese English, Jr., ... Richmond, Virginia
Robert Emerson Fultz . . . . . Sangersville, Virginia
Stanley Kirkland Green . . . . . Baltimore, Maryland
Littleton Edmunds Hubard . . . . . Bolling, Virginia
Charles John Hudson . . . . . Rural Retreat, Virginia
Huger Guilford Irwin . . . . . Evington, Virginia
Prentiss Dupuy Johnston . . . . . South Boston, Virginia
William Elliott Jones . . . . . San Marino, Virginia
William Mauzy Kemper . . . . . Warrenton, Virginia
James William Kinnier . . . . . Lynchburg, Virginia
Alexander Martin . . . . . Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
Hugh Moffit McAllister . . . . . Covington, Virginia
Frederick Cooper McClure . . . . . Roanoke, Virginia
John Bratcher McFerrin . . . . . Bristol, Tennessee
Harry Havener Monroe . . . . . Baltimore, Maryland
William Burr Parsons . . . . . Gunnison, Colorado
Earnest Edward Payne . . . . . Warm Springs, Virginia
George Chaffin Robeson . . . . . Farmville, Virginia
Harry Benjamin Stone . . . . . Alvale, Virginia
Thomas Benton Stoneham . . . . . Stoneham, Texas
Robert Henning Webb . . . . . Suffolk, Virginia
Harry McClintic Winfree . . . . . Churchville, Virginia
Robert William Crawford, Jr., ... Strasburg, Virginia

Sophomore Class History.

"Histories are as perfect as the historian is wise."
—*Carlyle.*

"HISTORIES," says Francis Bacon, "make men wise." This is the end which historians generally have in view; but the chief object of the class historian seems to be to impress upon the mind of the reader the great fact that his particular class is undoubtedly the best that has ever been enrolled on the college register. His next aim is to mention by name those members of his class whose peculiarities, perfections, and imperfections attract the most attention among their fellow-students.

In looking over the names on our class-roll we found that we had our share of Jones, Greens, and Browns, who, I am glad to say, reflect honor on their numerous ancestors by taking a prominent stand in the classroom. Our "Augustus," if unskilled in the use of his sword, at least knows how to wield his pen, and is winning laurels for himself as a contributor to the *Magazine*. Our giant, McAllister, is among the "Brobdignags" of College; our pigmy, consideration for his feelings prevents our mentioning his name, is still in "shorts." As our "Spider" is noted for his industry, patience, and perseverance, we can with Solomon prophesy that "he will take hold with his hands and be in king's palaces." On the gridiron we were especially conspicuous, having Green as center and Kemper as one of the star players, on the College team, which so distinguished itself during the football season; and when the bright spring days bring with them the longing for baseball, we are confident that, with Crawford as our representative, we will be able to hold our own on the "diamond" as well.

Time presses onward and the close of the present session is rapidly approaching. Is it possible that we have nearly completed the dreadful "Soph. Math.," which has loomed up as an impassable barrier to further progress? "The Binomial Theorem." "Choice and Chance," are things of the past and as to Cicero and Xenophon, they will serve to interest the "kids." Our advice to them is to remember that "many strokes, though with a little axe, hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak."

HISTORIAN.

Freshman Class.

Motto: Take Things As They Come.

Colors: Royal Purple and White.

Yell.

Rinkey! Dinkey!
Hoopla! Hoo!
H. S. Rah! Rah!
Nineteen-two.

Officers.

First Term:		Second Term:
John P. Winn,	President	W. W. Townes.
H. H. Simpson,	Vice-President	S. C. Bowen.
W. R. Martin,	Treasurer	H. H. Simpson.
W. W. Townes,	Secretary	John P. Winn.
P. B. Hill,	Historian	P. B. Hill.

Members.

Simon Casabianca Akers, ... Concord, Virginia
Samuel Cecil Bowen, ... Knob, Virginia
Willis Calhoon Campbell, ... Jackson, Mississippi
Paul Gray Edmunds, ... Farmville, Virginia
William Lee Fitzhugh, ... Newbern, Virginia
Peter Wilkinson Hamlett, ... Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
Pierre Bernard Hill, ... Richmond, Virginia
Guy Winston Horsley, ... Lovingston, Virginia
William Sharpe Lee, ... Nottoway, Virginia
William Read Martin, ... Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
John Martin, ... Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
William A. McAllister, ... Covington, Virginia
Edward McGehee, Jr., ... Abilene, Virginia
James Sheridan Newman, ... Somerset, Virginia
Edward Powell Nicholson, ... Portsmouth, Virginia
Eugene Jefferson Randolph, ... Calleen, Virginia
Bradford Benjamin Reynolds, ... Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
Archer Hoback Shank, ... Salem, Virginia
Howard Homer Simpson, ... Nyach, New York
Waverly W. Townes, ... Petersburg, Virginia
Robert C. Wilkinson, ... Warm Springs, Virginia
John P. Winn, ... Petersburg, Virginia

Freshman Class History.

"Happy is that people whose annals are brief."

AS, IN the year 390 B. C., the Gauls came pouring into Rome, so, in the fall of 1898, the Class of 1902 came pouring, a mighty tide, into the confines of Hampden-Sidney.

But there was a slight difference between the Gauls' entry into Rome, and our entry into Hampden-Sidney, inasmuch as we were greeted with cheers of welcome, by Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors; given a reception by the Young Men's Christian Association, and last, but not least, were entertained by the old students every night for at least two weeks. How harshly the tones of the old bell smote on our ears as it aroused us from our slumbers at all hours of the night! How painful are the recollections of the tournaments! How vividly we can picture that famous ghost parade, the balls and concerts of those two weeks!

The days of our first half-session were speeding slowly by. One October morning, we were very much surprised to hear Dr. McIlwaine read a notice calling a meeting of the Freshman class, immediately after chapel. This notice had been written by the Sophs., who held a meeting at the same hour, and who hoped to rush *en masse* upon the unsuspecting Freshmen, and break up their meeting; but,—

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,"

and the Soph.'s scheme proved to be no exception; for when they came down the stairs, they were disappointed, for we had met; had arranged for a meeting three days later, and had gone on our ways.

We have made some remarkable discoveries both in the scientific and linguistic field. Among the most notable are: In mathematics, a two-sided triangle, an isosceles angle, a parallel angle and a *four-sided* quadrilateral; in Latin, a future mood, a plural of *unus*, a future subjunctive and that the nominative of focis is fox. But notwithstanding this, in the Class of 1902, there are men who bid fair to play well their part on the world's great stage; and who knows, but that some day, they may occupy the highest seats in the temple of Fame?

Little more remains to be said. In a few weeks examinations will be over, and we shall go home. Next year we will return with the dignified bearing of Sophomores, and give a welcome cheer to the incoming Freshmen; we will advise them in regard to the choice of a literary society, and will tell them of the wonderful little drab-colored book of H— and N—.

HISTORIAN.

De Licker in de Jug.

[A long way after James Whitcomb Riley.]

W'en de 'possum's in de skillet an' de tater's on de h'a'th,
W'en de mollycotton's settin' in the dark brier path,
W'en de crawfish digs his cellar an' de robin hunts de bug—
Dat's de time ter tek er pull f'um de little licker jug.

W'en de weevil's in de corn an' de beaver buil's dam.
W'en de muley cow's erscootin' f'um de ole black ram,
W'en de poodle's sleepin' sweet on de warm parlor rug—
Dat's de time ter hit de stumick wid de licker in de jug.

W'en de fros' is on de punkin' an' de corn is in de shock,
W'en de farmer's shootin' rabbits 'stid er tendin' ter his stock,
W'en de preacher wants terbaccer an' jes' pockets all yo' plug—
Dat's de time ter git consolement f'um de licker in de jug.

W'en de 'lection goes ergin you an' yo' money 's all gone,
W'en yo neighbor's cattle jumps de fence an' tromples down yo' corn,
W'en you goes ter git yo' taters an' fin's dey all is dug—
Dat's de time ter brace de backbone wid de licker in de jug.

Beta Theta Pi.

Established at Miami University in 1839.

Colors: Pink and Blue

Zeta Chapter.

Established 1849.

Fratres in Facultate.

Richard McIlwaine, D. D., President.

Walter Blair, A. M., D. L., Emeritus.

H. R. McIlwaine, Ph. D.

H. M. Smith, Ph. D.

Fratres in Collegio.

Thomas Catesby Jones, '99.

Matthew Finley Pilson, '99.

James William Handy Pilson, '00.

Peyton Cochran, '00.

William Francis Bridges, '00.

Fifty-ninth Annual Convention was held at Cincinnati, Ohio, July 19-22, 1898.

T. C. Jones, Delegate.

Sixty-two active Chapters.

BETA THETA PI.

BRIDGES | PILSON, J. W. H. PROF. SMITH | PILSON, M. F. DR. McILWAINE | COCHRAN PROF. McILWAINE | JONES

Phi Kappa Psi.

Founded at Jefferson College, 1852.

COLORS: Pink and Lavender. FLOWERS: Laurel and Ivy.

Virginia Gamma Chapter.

Established 1856.

Frater in Facultate.

JAMES RIDDLE THORNTON, A. M., '71.

Frater in Urbe.

REV. JAMES MURRAY, D. D., Virginia, *1*, '55.

Fratres in Collegio.

JOHN RICHARD JOHNSON, JR.,
CHARLES IRVIN WADE,
WARREN BRUCE BUFORD,
JOHN PAUL WINN,
JOHN ATKINSON OWEN,
HENRY STRAUGHAN STOKES,
JEDDY LEE DAVIS,
WILLIAM WAVERLEY TOWNES.

Grand Arch Council held at Philadelphia April 8th, 1898.

T. A. Kirk, Delegate.

PHI KAPPA PSI.

WADE BUFORD STOKES

DAVIS TOWNES

OWEN JOHNSON WINN

Epsilon of Chi Phi.

Established 1867.

Colors: Scarlet and Blue.

Members in College.

George Fitzgerald,

Henry Owen Easley,

George Douglas Moore,

Thomas Dupuy Gilliam,

Pierre Bernard Hill.

Resident Members.

William Scott Morton,

Edgar Wirt Venable.

Active Chapters, nineteen.

CHI PHI.

EASLEY GILLIAM FITZGERALD MOORE
VENABLE HILL

Phi Gamma Delta.

Founded at Washington and Jefferson In 1848.

Color : Royal Purple.

Delta Deuteron Chapter.

Established 1870.

Thomas Sanford Hart,

Prentiss Dupuy Johnson,

Ernest Edward Payne,

Wilbur Cosby Bell,

J. Thomas Goode,

Willis C. Campbell.

In Urbe.

Monroe D. Morton. Edward S. Dupuy.

Active Chapters, forty-five. Alumni Chapters, sixteen.

General Convention held in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania,

October 3rd, 1898.

PHI GAMMA DELTA.

HART CAMPBELL BELL JOHNSTON
PAYNE GOODE

Sigma Chi.

Founded at Miami University in 1855.

Sigma Sigma Chapter.

Established 1872.

Frater in Facultate.

GEORGE HUTCHINSON DENNY, PH. D.

Fratres in Collegio.

EDWARD BEVERLY HERNDON, JR.,

THOMAS HAMILTON WYLY,

JOHN WILSON SOMERVILLE,

HARRY LUCIEN STEPHENSON,

THOMAS REESE ENGLISH, JR.,

STANLEY KIRKLAND GREEN,

HOWARD HOMER SIMPSON.

Active Chapters, fifty. Alumni Chapters, ten.

Grand Convention to be in Philadelphia,

July, '99.

SIGMA CHI.

GREEN SIMPSON SOMERVILLE HERNDON
STEPHENSON WYLY ENGLISH

Upsilon of Kappa Sigma.

Founded 1865. **Established 1883.**

Colors: Old Gold, Maroon, and Peacock Blue.

Official Organ: Caduceus. Secret Organ: Star and Crescent.

Fratres in Collegio.

Eugene Craig Caldwell,
Alfred Shorter Caldwell, Jr.
Howson White Cole, Jr.
Samuel Edmond Osbourne,
Edward Henderson Richardson,
Edward Elliott Booker,
Lavillon Dupuy Cole,
James William Kinnier,
William Mausey Kemper.

Thirteenth Biennial Grand Conclave held on December 28th, 29th, and 30th, at Chattanooga, Tennessee.

KAPPA SIGMA

CALDWELL, E. C. BOOKER COLE, L. D. CALDWELL, A. S.
COLE, H. W. OSBOURNE KEMPER RICHARDSON

Pi Kappa Alpha.

Founded at the University of Virginia, 1868.

Colors: Garnet and Old Gold.

Iota Chapter.

Established 1885.

Fratres in Collegio.

Harry Rutherford Houston, '99.

Wellford Bohannan Lorraine, '99.

Franklin Davis, '00.

Thomas Williamson Hooper, Jr., '00.

Thomas Nathaniel Jones, '00.

*David Comfort Watkins, '00.

Alexander Martin, '01.

William Read Martin, '02.

Grand Convention held at Atlanta, Georgia, July 17th to 21st, 1898.

Delegates, L. M. Gaines and W. B. Lorraine.

*Absent when picture was taken.

PI KAPPA ALPHA.

DAVIS MARTIN, A. LORRAINE HOUSTON
HOOPER JONES, T. N MARTIN, W. P

Forget Me Not.

When from this glowing heart
Its pulse has fled,
Its life strings torn apart
And I am dead,
To waft my soul away
Let some pure spirits pray
And sing a parting lay,
Around my bed.

And when my corse is borne
Upon the bier,
By the cold world which mourns
Without a tear,
Toll not the funeral bell
The world's adiens to tell—
One sigh would be a knell
Far, far more dear!

I have no friends to weep
Around the spot
Where my remains shall sleep
And be forgot;
But should my Helen dare
To trust her footsteps there,
Oh, bid the weeping fair
Forget me not.

CLUBS
AND
ORGANIZATIONS.

Union Society.

Founded 1789.

Members.

Bradley,
Easley,
Houston,
Irons,
Kuykendall,
Laing,
Love,
Owen,
Edmunds,
Cross,
Bell,
Buford,
Clarke,
T. D. Cole,
Dixon,
Eversole,
Fugate,
Goode,
Herndon,
Hooper,
P. Y. Johnson,
T. N. Jones,
Kelly,
G. D. Moore,
Raine,
Stephenson,
Sydenstricker,
Wade,
Watkins,
Lowery,
Averill,
Clemmer,
English,
P. D. Johnston,
Kinnier,
Kemper,
A. Martin,
W. A. McAllister,
Parsons,
E. E. Payne,
Stoneham,
Brown,
Akers,
Bowen,
W. R. Martin,
H. M. McAllister,
Newman,
Nicholson,
Shanks,
Wilkinson,
Winn.

UNION HALL.

Philanthropic Society.

Founded 1805.

Members.

W. C. Bell,
E. E. Booker,
W. W. Bondurant,
W. W. Brand,
F. W. Bridges,
E. C. Caldwell,
A. S. Caldwell,
Peyton Cochran,
R. W. Crawford,
L. S. Epes,
J. E. Ely,
J. L. Daniel,
George Fitzgerald,
R. E. Fultz,
T. D. Gilliam,
G. W. Horsley,
P. B. Hill,
J. R. Johnson, Jr.,
J. E. Triplett,
H. M. Winfree,
J. E. Jones,
R. H. Johnson,
W. S. Lee,
W. B. Lorraine,
E. C. McDonald,
J. A. McFerrin,
R. A. Moore,
H. H. Monroe,
S. E. Osbourne,
J. A. Payne,
M. F. Pilson,
J. W. H. Pilson,
L. C. Randolph,
E. J. Randolph,
G. W. Robeson,
R. G. See,
H. S. Stokes,
J. W. Somerville,
W. C. Wauchope,
T. H. Wyly,
R. H. Webb.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL.

Officers.

PRESIDENT	M. F. PILSON,
VICE-PRESIDENT	T. C. JONES,
TREASURER	W. W. BONDURANT,
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY	H. H. MONROE,
RECORDING SECRETARY	H. S. STOKES,
MANAGER OF READING ROOM	J. L. LINEWEAVER.

Chairmen Standing Committees.

R. G. SEE	Devotional
J. L. LINEWEAVER	Bible Class
W. W. BONDURANT	Look Out
T. W. HOOPER	Music
M. F. PILSON	Reception
T. C. JONES	Financial
F. M. EVERSOLE	Missionary
J. W. KINNIER	Publication

Meetings.

7:30 P. M., Tuesday. Weekly Service—Memorial Hall.
9:30 A. M., Sunday. Bible Classes—Dormitories.
9:00 P. M., Sunday. Missionary Meeting.

JOHNSON JONES HOUSTON
CALDWELL COLE

Honorary Members.

Thomas Sanford Hart,

John Richard Johnson, Jr.,

Harry Rutherford Houston,

Eugene Craighead Caldwell,

Howson White Cole, Jr.,

Thomas Catesby Jones.

Active Members.

John William Handy Pilson,

Edward Beverly Herndon,

Thomas Nathaniel Jones,

Lavillon Dupuy Cole.

Theta Nu Epsilon.

Founded at Ohio Wesleyan University in 1870.

JOHN RICHARD JOHNSON, JR.,
WILLIS COHOON CAMPBELL,
LAVILLON DUPUY COLE,
THOMAS SANFORD HART,
THOMAS NATHANIEL JONES,
WILBUR COSBY BELL.

Goats:

e 5 V X K = m I w T
|| Gho : : I I ? ↘
L z ( ) I 6 n —

H. R. Houston,

J. A. Owen,

T. N. Jones,

E. E. Booker,

C. I. Wade.

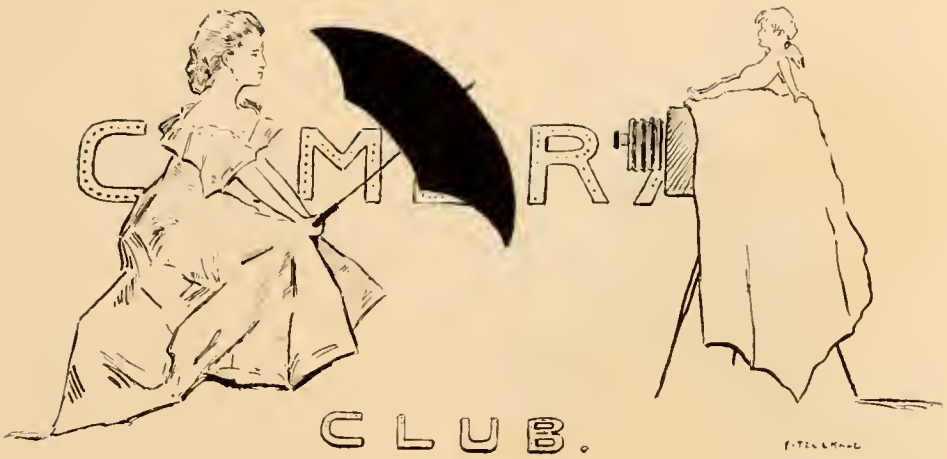
J. R. Johnson, Jr.

L. D. Cole,

T. S. Hart,

J. S. Kuykendall,

H. W. Cole, Jr.



Motto: "In pictures does our soul delight,
For there alone is second sight."

Colors: Sky Blue, Rose, and Grass Green.

Officers.

H. L. Stephenson, ... President.

J. W. H. Pilson, ... Vice-President.

W. C. Bell, ... Secretary and Treasurer.

Members.

F. W. Bridges, H. L. Stephenson, J. P. Winn, W. C. Bell,

E. B. Herndon, Jr., M. F. Pilson, J. W. H. Pilson, W. B. Buford.

Calico Club.

MOTTO : "Omnia vincit amor ; et nos cedamus amori."

COLORS : Dusky Twilight and Grey Dawn.

CHORUS : C-a-l-i-c-o-Calico-Calico,
G-a-l-i-g-o-Galigo-Galigo,
2-c-gal-i-c-co,
Calic ! Calic ! Calico !

Officers.

R. W. EDMUNDS, . . . President.
GEO. FITZGERALD, . Vice-President.
J. P. WINN, . . Grand Charmer.
E. C. CALDWELL, . Numerous Lover.

Members.

T. N. JONES,
H. R. HOUSTON,
S. K. GREEN,
T. H. THOMPSON,
J. W. H. PILSON,
W. W. TOWNES,
J. W. SOMERVILLE,
L. S. EPES,
H. W. COLE,
E. E. BOOKER,
J. R. JOHNSON,
W. W. BONDURANT,
E. H. RICHARDSON,
W. C. CAMPBELL.

Hoop-la-rip,
Hoop-la-zee,
Club of Augusta,
H. S. C.

Officers.

M. F. Pilson, ...	President.
W. C. Bell, ...	Treasurer.
P. Cochran, ...	Secretary.

Members.

H. M. Winfree,
E. E. Booker,
J. W. H. Pilson,
W. C. Bell,
R. E. Fultz,
C. A. Clemmer,
R. G. See.
W. W. Brand,
M. F. Pilson,
P. Cochran,

The Chit Chat Cooking Club.

Motto: "Eat and be merry!"

Organized in October, Eighteen Ninety-eight, by the young ladies of Hampden-Sidney, for the entertainment and enjoyment of college students.

Members.

Miss Mary Reynolds,
Miss Edmonia Martin,
Miss Jennie Tabb,
Miss Bessie Wolverton,
Miss Mary Stokes,
Miss Ellen Blair,
Miss Lizzie Carrington,
Miss Maia B. Brock,
Miss Mary Wolverton,
Miss Delia Brock,
Miss Frances Peck,
Miss Margaret Lyle.

Venable's Inn.

Motto : "The proof of the pudding is the eating."

Knights of the Round Table.

"Spider" Averill : Helluo librorum.

"Bill" Bondurant : Aere perennius.

"Brer" Bowen : À pas de géant.

"Puck" Bridges : Cum grano salis.

"Hock-eye" Clemmer : Ex nihilo nihil fit.

"Pate" Cochran : Nil dicit.

"Javel" Davis : Exceptio probat regulam.

"Hinkey" Easley : Valeat quantum valere potest.

"Fitts" Fitzgerald : Suus cuique mos.

"Aristotle" Green : Yeux morette derè loi.

"Jack" Herndon : Crux criticorum.

"Huse" Houston : Il n'y a pas à dire.

"Pete" Laing : Noli metangere.

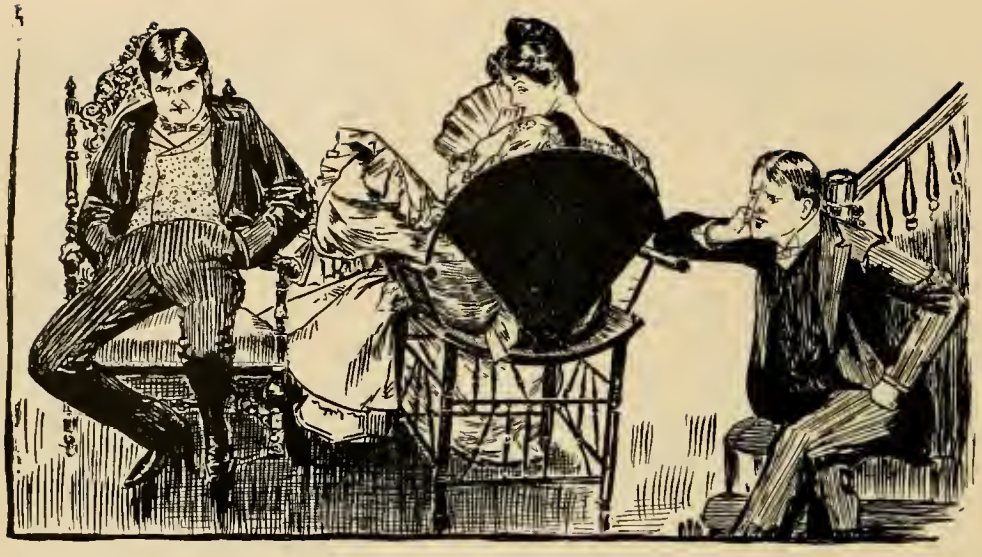
"Tee En" Jones : Multarum rerum peritus.

"Bill" Pilson : Chapeaux bas !

"Dick" Owen : Utile dulci.

"Side" Sydenstricker : Errare humanum est.

"J. E. W." Venable : Ami sacra fames.



Reynold's Ranch.

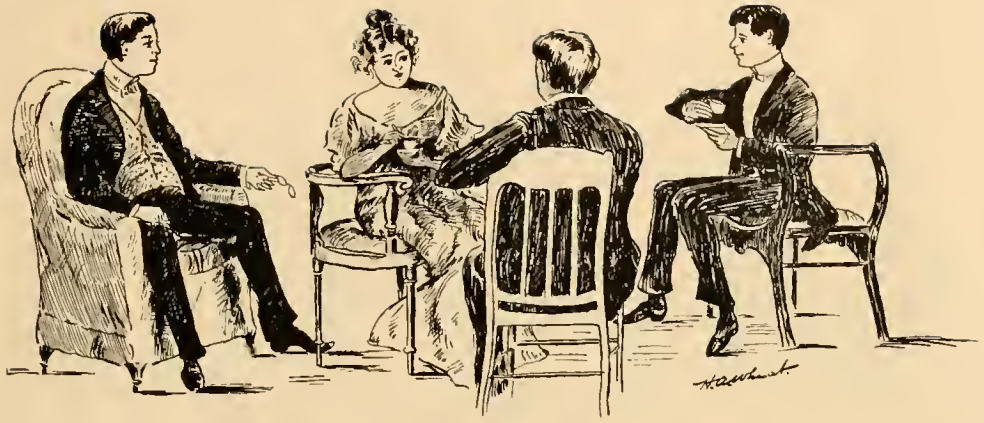
Motto : Dum Vivimus, Edamus.

Yell.

Rah, Rah, Rah !
Rip, Rah, Ree !
Reynold's Ranch, Reynold's Ranch !
H.——S.——C.

Members.

T. H. Thompson,
Charles I. Wade,
W. C. Campbell,
H. W. Cole, Jr.,
H. L. Stephenson,
Bradford B. Reynolds,
M. F. Pilson,
J. W. Somerville,
T. R. English,
T. W. Hooper,
T. D. Gilliam,
T. H. Wyly,
T. C. Jones,
J. R. Johnson,
E. E. Booker,
J. P. Winn,
L. D. Cole,
W. W. Townes, Jr.



The Lacey Club.

Motto: Chacun á son goût.

Members.

W. W. Brand,	Sallie, the graceful youth.
W. B. Buford,	A quiet boy indeed.
E. C. Caldwell,	A thorough student he.
A. S. Caldwell,	In athletics found he delight.
Franklin Davis,	Most passive in all things.
R. W. Edmunds,	His brother now survives him.
W. B. Lorraine,	The same old goat.
J. M. Love,	A midget in stature, not in mind.
M. Raine,	And Michael was a goodly lad.
T. B. Stoneham,	The turkey still survives.

The Carrington Club.

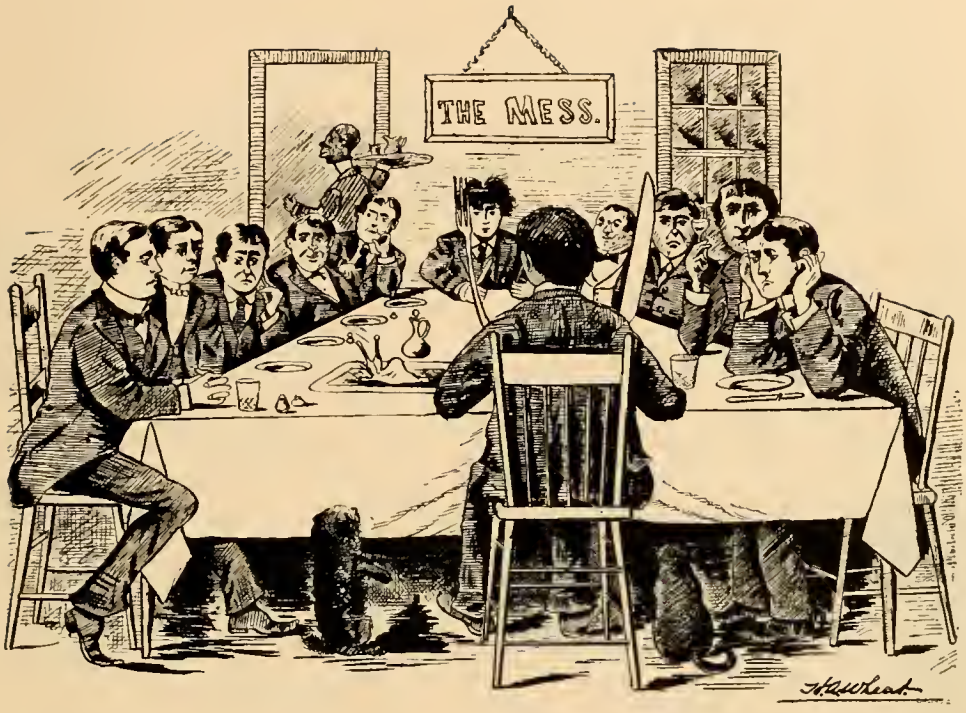
MOTTO : "Aide-toi, et le ciel t'aidera."

Officers.

PROFESSOR J. H. C. BAGBY,	President.
PROFESSOR GEORGE H. DENNY,	Treasurer.
PROFESSOR H. M. SMITH,	Secretary.

Members.

OSBOURNE,	"Little Sammie."
RICHARDSON,	"Dickie."
PARSONS,	"Parsie."
LOWERY,	"Johnnie."
IRONS,	"Frankie."
WILKINSON,	"Wilkie."
WINFREE,	"Winnie."
MOORE,	"Moorie."
PAYNE,	"Painie."



Motto : "We eat to live, not live to eat."

Members.

Akers,
W. C. Bell,
G. F. Bell,
Brown,
Dixon,
Epes,
Eversole,
Fugate,
Hill,
Horsley,
Johnston,
Kelly,
Lee,
Lineweaver,
Monroe,
Randolph,
See,
Shank,
Triplett.

COTILLION CLUB

Officers.

L. D. Cole, ... President.
J. W. Somerville, ... Vice-President.
J. L. Davis, . . . Secretary and Treasurer.
H. W. Cole, . Chairman Arrangement Committee.

Members.

W. C. Campbell,
T. C. Jones,
H. L. Stephenson,
Peyton Cochran,
W. W. Townes, Jr.,
E. H. Richardson,
T. D. Gilliam,
L. D. Cole,
E. B. Herndon,
W. M. Kemper,
H. O. Easley,
J. R. Johnson, Jr.,
T. H. Thompson,
J. T. Goode,
F. W. Bridges,
J. W. H. Pilson,
J. P. Winn,
S. E. Osbourne,
H. S. Stokes,
T. H. Wyly,
J. L. Epes,
W. B. Lorraine,
J. A. Owen,
P. B. Crawford,
C. I. Wade,
George Fitzgerald.
S. K. Green,
T. P. Cross,
T. N. Jones,

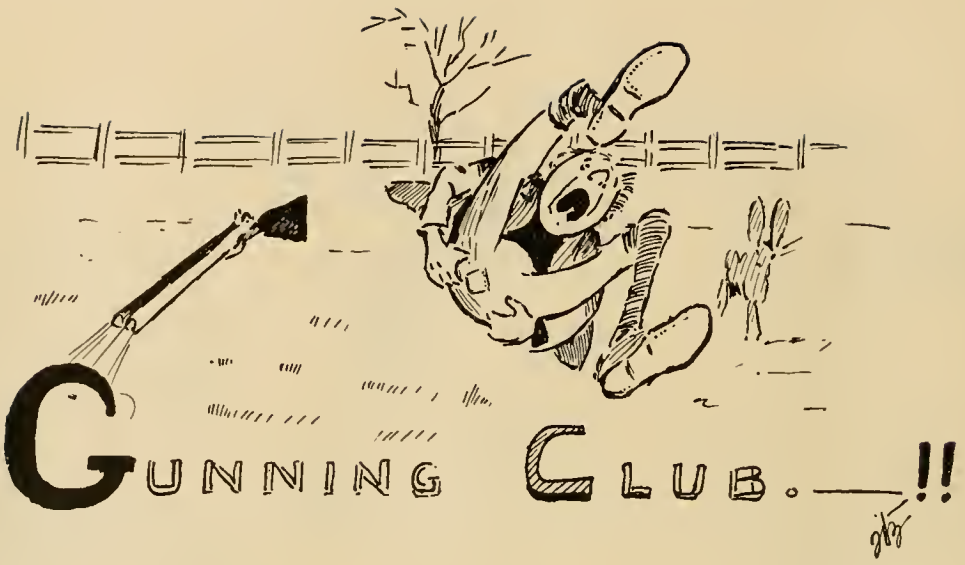
The Golfers.

Officers.

J. M. Love,	President.
G. D. Moore,	Vice-President.
G. C. Robeson,	Secretary.
R. Edmonds,	Treasurer.

Members.

Gilliam,	Winn,	Martin,
Herndon,	Townes,	Easley,
Somerville,	Davis,	Owen,
Wyly,	Campbell,	Goode,
Hooper,	Stephenson,	Wauchope,
Houston,	Booker,	Lowery,
Green,	Johnson,	Wolverton,
Caldwell,	Buford,	Brand,
Wade,	Cole,	W. M. Kemper,
Crawford,	English,	T. N. Jones.



Organized in October, 1898, for target shooting and fall hunting.

Officers.

H. O. Easley, ... President and Treasurer.

P. B. Hill, ... Vice-President.

Members.

E. W. Venable,
P. B. Hill,
J. L. Epes,
H. O. Easley,
R. H. Johnson,
F. Davis,
J. M. Love,
F. E. Irons,
P. Y. Johnson,
C. L. Kemper,
H. H. Monroe,
G. C. Robeson,
H. B. Stone,
R. W. Crawford.

First Passage Club.

Rah! Rah! First,
Rah! Rah! Passage,
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! First Passage.

Motto: Bring Forth the Bumper and Let him Bump!
Colors: Black and Blue.

Members.

Bridges, ... Ye Hancock star.
Buford, ... In baseball does he crave a second place.
Bowen, ... A pigmy of the cutest size.
Caldwell, E. C., ... To him let all take off their hats.
Caldwell, A. S., ... A modern Hercules, indeed.
Clemmer. . . . . A quiet boy and so industrious!
Cochran, ... Always the same, never changing.
Davis, ... Doth he to Farmville ever ride?
English, ... Poor Tom, when will he be a man of twenty-one.
Johnston. . . . . The Parson of the Passage.
Paine, ... A noisy soul—a boisterous disturber.
Pilson, J. W. H., ... "When with a lily maid, his happiness is staid."
Jones, T. C., ... An historian of the deepest dye.
Lowery, ... A comedian in many lines.
Townes, ... In music he takes delight.
Stoneham, ... A Turk by nature and by name.
Simpson, ... Author of "Silent Mike."
Stephenson, ... The camera is his toy.
Winn, ... His hand he tries at football, baseball and calico with various results.

Fourth Passage Club.

Eat 'em up,
Do 'em up,
Chew 'em up fine,
Fourth Passage! Fourth Passage!
"Nit" resign.

FLOWER: Nocturnal Cereus.

Agile Members.

AKERS, ... Senior Chaplain
BELL, ... Worthy tiller of the soil
GILLIAM, ... Tonsorial artist of football fame
GREEN, ... To Farmville he went *once*
HERNDON, ... The marble-hearted baseball captain
HOOPER, ... "And music is his fort."
HOUSTON, ... "While before him Literature itself can only bow."
HILL, ... Chaplain of the first degree
EPES, ... Mighty Sandow; an awe to maidens
LORRAINE, ... A manager, indeed
PARSONS, ... Ye boisterous tyrant, be passive!
THOMPSON, ... His hour? One a. m., they say
SOMERVILLE, ... A ruddy youth of manly countenance
WYLY, ... Baseball is his field
SHANK, ... Go to the ants, etc.
LEE, ... "Light-horse Harry."

The Wine Bibbers.

Secret.

Founded 2348 B. C.

Motto: "Drink and be Merry."

Officers and Members.

[Sub Rosa.]

PASS-SENTENCE: Adjusting his cap to his head the tired crank spoke to the belle.

Officers.

DR. H. MONMOUTH SMITH,	President.
DR. HENRY R. MCILWAINE,	Vice-President.
J. W. H. PILSON,	Secretary.
H. L. STEPHENSON,	Treasurer.

Members.

H. O. EASLEY,	R. H. WEBB,	E. B. HERNDON,
A. S. CALDWELL,	J. W. KINNIER,	J. A. PAYNE,
J. L. DAVIS,	I. N. JONES,	J. W. SOMERVILLE,
A. MARTIN,	H. MC. WINFREE,	F. W. BRIDGES,
J. E. LOWERY,	J. E. TRIPLETT,	S. K. GREEN,
E. C. CALDWELL,	E. P. NICHOLSON,	H. R. HOUSTON.

West Virginia Club.

Motto: Montani semper liberi.

Yell.

Hi! Hi! Hi!
Montani!
West Virginia!
Semper liberi!

Colors: Gold and Blue.

Active Members.

T. K. Laing, ... President.
S. E. Osbourne, ... Secretary.
F. E. Irons, ... Treasurer.
G. D. Moore, ... Historian.

J. E. Triplett, J. A. Sydenstricker, W. B. Parsons,
J. S. Davis, J. S. Kuykendall.

The Smokers.

Motto : In wreaths of smoke, we let our fancies wander.

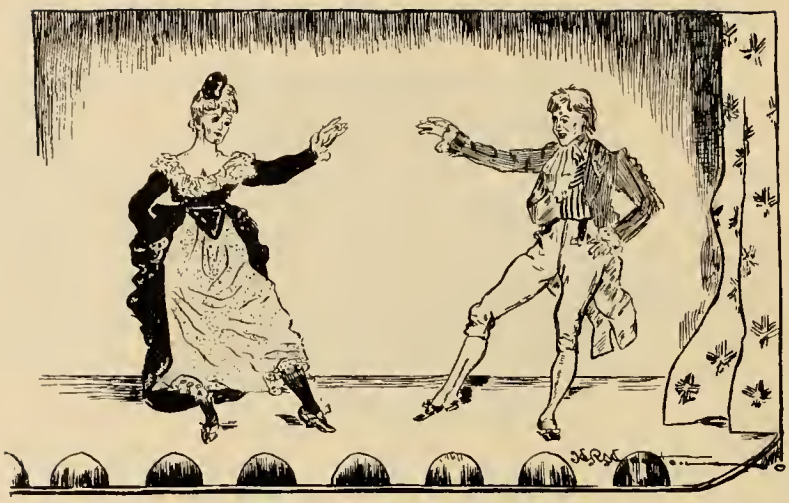
Colors : Amber and Grey.

Members.

H. O. Easley, ... Grand Wielder of the Pipe.
W. C. Bell, ... The Pipe Dreamer.
E. B. Herndon, ... Cigarettes Suit His Fancy.
T. H. Wyly, ... The Little Cigar Smoker.

Honorary Members.

H. W. Cole, J. R. Johnson, C. A. Clemmer,
H. M. Winfree, W. C. Campbell, T. P. Cross,
T. S. Hart, R. H. Johnson, R. C. Wilkinson.



Hampden=Sidney Dramatic Club.

"The Private Secretary"

Rendered in Hampden=Sidney, February 25th. and Farmville, March 10th.

Members.

E. B. Herndon,
H. L. Stephenson,
Thomas D. Gilliam,
E. E. Booker,
J. E. Lowery,
J. P. Winn,
T. C. Jones,
H. R. Houston,
George Fitzgerald,
J. L. Davis,

Stanley K. Green, Manager.

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY DRAMATIC CLUB.

WINN FITZGERALD STEPHENSON HOUSTON JONES DAVIS GREEN GILLIAM BOOKER HERNDON LOWERY

Hampden-Sidney Orchestra and Glee Club.

H. W. Cole,	First Violin.
P. B. Hill,	First Mandolin.
W. W. Townes,	Second Mandolin.
R. W. Crawford, Jr.,	Second Mandolin.
T. W. Hooper, Jr.,	Violoncello.
H. S. Stephenson,	First Guitar.
J. R. Johnson, Jr.,	First Guitar.
E. H. Richardson,	Second Guitar.
T. H. Thompson,	Second Violin.
C. I. Wade,	Second Violin.

Quartette.

E. W. Venable,	First Tenor.
E. E. Booker,	Second Tenor.
S. K. Green,	First Bass.
T. D. Gilliam,	Second Bass.

First Tenor.

E. W. Venable,
J. E. Lowery,
W. H. Wauchope,

First Bass.

D. C. Watkins,
S. K. Green,
R. W. Crawford, Jr.

Second Tenor.

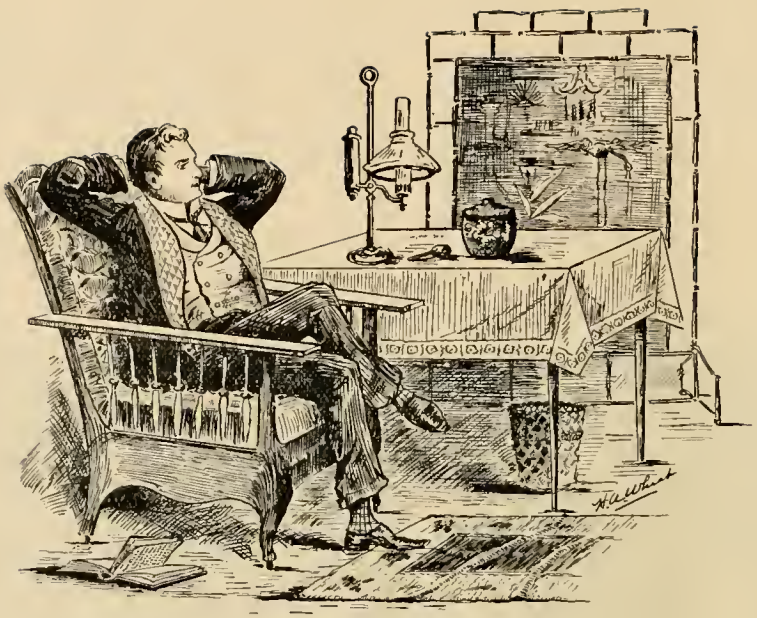
E. E. Booker,
J. L. Davis,
T. W. Hooper,

Second Bass.

P. B. Hill,
T. D. Gilliam,
H. S. Stephenson.

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY ORCHESTRA AND GLEE CLUB.

THOMPSON RICHARDSON JOHNSON HOOPER
COLE (Leader) HILL TOWNES CRAWFORD
STEPHENSON WADE



To My Tobacco Jar.

It is not fragile, fine, nor rare,
  Of Eastern mould nor Paris style;
But plainest plain old earthenware,
  Fit only for the rubbish pile,
    So some would say!

I care not for its lack of grace,
  Its fragrant contents dear to me
Make me forget its homely face;
  It is my own Euphrosyne
    So let it be!

Than ottar of rose for sweetness famed
  Its contents are more pungent far,
Praise meet for it can ne'er be framed,
  For *this* is my tobacco jar.
    Hip, hip, hurrah!

L'ENVOI.

May it forever full remain,
May it its fragrance e'er retain,
For never could a good cigar
Compensate for my empty jar!

The '99 Kaleidoscope.

Editorial Board.

HARRY R. HOUSTON, '99.
Editor-in-Chief.

Associate Editors:

T. CATESBY JONES,
WILLIAM W. BONDURANT,
ALFRED S. CALDWELL,
WILBUR C. BELL,
STANLEY K. GREEN,
P. BERNARD HILL.

J. RICHARD JOHNSON, JR., . . Business Manager.

Editorial.

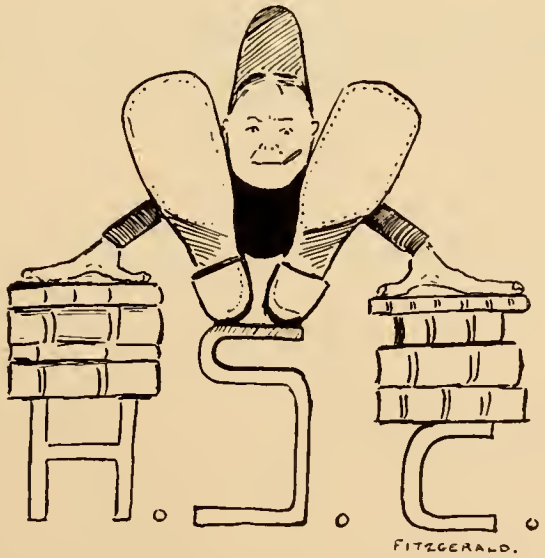
MOST kaleidoscopes are inorganic. When they meet your eyes they do so unconsciously. All the consciousness there is in the immediate vicinity is your consciousness of seeing a panorama of divers colors—red, blue, green, purple, orange, golden, brown, yellow, and rosy. But this KALEIDOSCOPE is organic. Every shade in it is one of the hues of our throbbing, many-sided life. Here you will find the rosy hopefulness of youth, the greenness of the Freshman, the blush on the maidenly cheeks of the young ladies, the brownness of brown study, "the red badge of courage," the blue hue of loyalty to alma mater and other principles—in short, every color in life with, we hope, one exception. We have tried to keep out yellow. There is enough yellow in metropolitan journalism to justify us in omitting it from the KALEIDOSCOPE. Moreover, this KALEIDOSCOPE is conscious of you, as well as you of it. And it does not face your gaze with an apology for being kaleidoscopic. It takes it for granted that that is what you have a right to expect it to be, and it has no excuses to offer for being such; and as you look into it, the KALEIDOSCOPE looks into you with a charitable challenge of inquiry. If you discern faults here, have you discerned none in yourself? Then read, and learn something of what life is. We may teach you a little about it, and a KALEIDOSCOPE may prove not only a picture of our varied social life, but a mirror of your own life, with its strength and weakness, its newness and its blaséness, its good and ill commingled.

For life is not built on the plans furnished by any ascetic architect. We are normally constituted to laugh, to enjoy, to admire, and to feel many natural kinds of pleasure; also to grow and to develop by facing facts as they are, without fear if we would face them also without reproach. Most of the readers of the KALEIDOSCOPE are familiar with the College Catalogue. That publication is a photograph, or an etching, a black and white picture, in some sort, of the life of the College—on one side, namely, the intellectual. But it is not a complete picture of college life unless a set of text-books, wrapped up in a diploma and tied up with blue ribbon, is the fit model for a complete picture of the student. Here, in the KALEIDOSCOPE, is the prospectus; here are the flesh tints and the blood tints and the bone tints that give you the real portrait of the student; here are the lights and shadows of his features, the purpose that is set in the muscles of his mouth, the hope or the laughter that gleams or twinkles in his eyes. Here are described and illustrated especially those phases of our life on the Hill that either escape from the Catalogue, or are barely alluded to in that dignified official manual. Mathematically speaking, we show you a section of the sphere of student life made at quite a different angle, but by quite as upright a plane. In fact, if there were nothing for the KALEIDOSCOPE to describe, there would be nothing for the Cata-

logue to say. It is the atmosphere of the KALEIDOSCOPE that furnishes the intellectual oxygen which gives the student the energy to meet the grim pages of his text-book face to face and say to them, "I am going to be your master; no terms but those of unconditional surrender will be accepted." It is not the fault of the oxygen if any student fails to make the best possible use of the energy, and refreshment, and quick blood circulation which it gives him.

Like that which goes to make individual life, so that which promotes social life must consist of elements of varying age and growth. The historical and traditional, the poetic and artistic, all have a right to be represented in the pages of a complete KALEIDOSCOPE. So this number includes contributions from distinguished gentlemen of the pulpit and classroom, loyal alumni, and accomplished women. We wish to acknowledge the helpful co-operation of the Rev. Drs. T. W. Hooper, Walter W. Moore, Thomas Cary Johnson, Theron H. Rice, and P. H. Gwinn, and of Messrs. T. J. Garden, Joseph D. Eggleston, Jr., Alfred J. Morrison, H. I. and R. K. Brock, and Asa Watkins; and the valuable assistance rendered to the art department by Mr. Littleton Fitzgerald, Miss Margaret Houston, Mrs. Pauline Montague, Miss Jennie Tabb, and Mr. Henry A. Wheat. The literary variety of the KALEIDOSCOPE is distinctly debtor to Miss Mary A. Stokes, Dr. W. G. Eggleston, and J. Gray McAllister. It is a pleasure to acknowledge the liberality of our publisher, Mr. Stone, whose co-operation has been as generous and sympathetic as if no pecuniary consideration had been involved.

One peculiarity of KALEIDOSCOPES is that when you have looked into them, laid them down, and taken them up again, you are apt to get a different view of the contents. We venture to hope that the seventh annual issue of this KALEIDOSCOPE will be one that our readers can take up again and again with pleasure, finding new attractions and beauties in it as time changes and tastes change with time. And in this hope we greet you, and ask your hand and your eye.



The Hampden=Sidney Magazine.

Published Monthly.

Established, 1858.

HARRY R. HOUSTON,

Editor-in-Chief.

WILBUR C. BELL, TOM PEETE CROSS,

R. GAMBLE SEE, EUGENE C. CALDWELL,

T. CATESBY JONES.

WELLFORD B. LORRAINE, . . . Business Manager.

MAGAZINE STAFF

LORRAINE BELL SEE

Business Manager.

JONES CALDWELL HOUSTON CROSS

Editor-in-Chief.

Our Artists.

Manager of Art Department,

HARRY RUTHERFORD HOUSTON.

Artists.

MISS JENNIE TABB,

MISS MARGARET HOUSTON,

MR. HENRY A. WHEAT,

MR. LITTLETON FITZGERALD,

MRS. PAULINE MONTAGUE.

ATHLETICS.
H. T. Houston — with apologies to Hawkins.

College Football Team.

J. S. KUYKENDALL, ... Captain J. R. JOHNSON, JR., . . . Manager
ENGLES, ... Trainer

GREEN, center
KEMPER, right guard
BRAND, left guard
LAING, right tackle
OSBOURNE, left tackle
GOODE, right end
SOMERVILLE, left end
GILLIAM, right half-back
FUGATE, left half-back
CALDWELL, full-back
KUYKENDALL, quarter-back

Substitutes.

WINN, COLE, L. D. PILSON, M. F. BOOKER

Team of '92.

BULL, ... Captain DAN SPOTSWOOD, ... Manager

H. ROLSTON, CHUMBLY, WELLS, W. F. SPOTSWOOD
GAINES, NICKELL, STRONG, COOK
D. H. ROLSTON, DOUGLASS

Team of '93.

BULL, full-back . . . . Captain J. S. REED, ... Manager

H. ROLSTON, center — LEPS, quarter-back — C. M. CHUMBLY, left half-back
LINGLE, left guard — R. E. CHUMBLY, right half-back — SCALES, right end
HUDSON, right tackle — GAINES, right guard — T. A. PARKER, left end
N. A. PARKER, left tackle

Team of '94.

BULL, full-back . . . . Captain W. D. PASCO, ... Manager

EARHEART, center — BOWEN, left end — RACHAL, quarter-back
LEWIS, left guard — ZELL, right guard — REYNOLDS, left half-back
KING, left tackle — WATKINS, right tackle — CHUMBLY, right half-back
PARKER, right end

Team of '95.

BULL, full-back . . . . Captain TRINKLE, ... Manager

EARHEART, center — LEWIS, teft tackle — KING, left half-back
WILLIAMS, left guard — PARKER, right tackle — REYNOLDS, right half-back
WILLIAMSON, right guard — PENCE, left end — SHELTON, quarter-back
LACY, right end

Team of '96.

SHELTON, left half-back . . Captain MASON, ... Manager

EARHEART, center — PARKER, right tackle — STUART, quarter-back
WILLIAMSON, right guard — LEWIS, left tackle — BULL, right half-back
WILLIAMS, left guard — DOUGLASS, right end — MORTON, full-back
SCHULTZ, left eud

Team of '97.

STUART, quarter-back . Captain STEVENS, ... Manager

ESKRIDGE, center — HUDSON, right tackle — BULL, right half-back
WILLIAMS, right guard — MURRAY, left tackle — BLAKE, left half-back
OSBOURNE, left guard — DOUGLASS, right end — EARHEART, full-back
MCCLURE, left end

FOOTBALL TEAM.

BOOKER OSBOURNE KEMPER BRAND GILLIAM PILSON
FUGATE GREEN GOODE COLE SOMERVILLE LAING
CALDWELL WINN JOHNSON, Manager.

Indoor Athletics.

Gymnasium Team.

Eugene C. Caldwell, Director.

A. S. Caldwell, Assistant.

Team.

E. C. Caldwell,	E. P. Nicholson,	T. K. Laing,
A. S. Caldwell,	H. L. Stephenson,	P. B. Hill,
E. B. Herndon, Jr.,	J. M. Kelly,	G. C. Robeson,
T. H. Thompson,	S. E. Osbourne,	J. A. Sydenstricker,
T. W. Hooper, Jr.,	T. D. Gilliam,	R. C. Fugate.

THE GYMNASIUM TEAM

SYDENSTRICKER MUNROE HOOPER ROBESON NICHOLSON
KELLY HILL OSBOURNE GILLIAM LAING CALDWELL, A. S
CALDWELL, E. C., Instructor STEPHENSON

1900 Class Football Team.

College Champions.

A. S. Caldwell, ... Captain
E. B. Herndon, Jr., ... Manager

Dixon, Center	Epes, Right Guard	Brand, Left Guard
Kelly, Right Tackle	Gilliam, Right Half-back	Osbourne, Left Tackle
Goode, Right End	Somerville, Left End	Cole, Quarter-back
Herndon, Left Half-back	Caldwell, Full-back	

Substitutes.

Eversole Stokes

1900 Class Baseball Team.

RICHARDSON, ... Manager

E. B. HERNDON, JR., ... Captain

COLE, Pitcher	HERNDON, Catcher	SOMERVILLE, First Base
BUFORD, Second Base	MOORE, G. D., Third Base	HOOPER, Short Stop
WYLY, Left Field	LOWERY, Center Field	PILSON, Right Field

Substitutes.

JONES, T. N.	FUGATE	GOODE	GILLIAM

To Miss E. C. W.

I want to praise her eyebrows,
So much deserving praise,
When quicker than responses
She 'll them in answer raise.
I think if I could see her,
The muse would soon be mine.
The words would flow in smoothly
And ripple into line.
But words and rhymes now fail me—
I call the muse in vain.
So I 'll not praise her eyebrows
Till I see *her* again!

Peace.

Oh, somewhere in the higher years,
In centuries to come,
The palsied hand of Time shall crush
The battle-sounding drum.

And then the fair millenium shall,
With hallowed wings of peace,
Come whisp'ring through the misty air.
That sorrow must surcease.

And when the thousand years of peace
Shall leave the happy land.
The sun shall lave his fever'd brow
Beyond the Western strand.

Triolets.

It was only a violet,
Laid on my study table,
But a magi's amulet—
It was only a violet—
Or a star-gemmed carcanet
Would be far more purchasable—
It was only a violet,
Laid on my study table.

It was only the lashes dropped
And the quickened heartbeat's flutter,
Though the hill was almost topped,
It was only the lashes dropped,
Or I surely would have stopped
The speech I was daring to utter—
It was only the lashes dropped
And the quickened heartbeat's flutter.

To Miss K. C. M.

I love her for her speaking eyes,
Her winning smile, her glorious hair·
I love her for her blushing cheek
And coyest dimple nestling there—
But more than all of these I praise
And love her for her own dear ways!

White Roses.

I 'll sing thee a song of a white, white rose
  That grew in a garden fair,
And sweet was its heart, as the dewdrop knows
  That lay like an opal there—
That lay and glittered and cast its light
  In the merry eyes of a maid,
Who plucked the blossom with fingers white
  And the spoil in her tresses laid.

Again a day, O white, white rose,
  And you in her bright hair lay,
But the hands were clasped in a long repose,
  And the eyes were closed for aye.
And the drop that gleamed in your fragrant heart
  Was sorrow's dew—a tear;
For the Gardener old had set apart
  This rose too white for here.

A Plea for "the Blues."

In Reply to Mrs. Wilcox.

Well, what if the world laughs with you
  And your own laugh ring untrue?
Will that make glad a heart that is sad,
  Or soothe where sorrows woo?
A song that mocks the singer
  Is more discordant far
Than a heartfelt sigh that can only die
  With naught to shock or mar.

Mirth is good when we feel it,
  Yet why pretend to jest?
It 's only a flower, the thing of an hour,
  That blooms with the worm at its breast.
And it 's ever Earth's mighty creatures—
  The wind and the solemn sea—
Who dare reveal the mood they feel,
  And mock not grief with glee.

Be true to what you suffer;
  Life means more than we know,
And smiles that jeer a hidden tear
  Can never lighten woe.
If the heavenly spheres make music
  Heard but in starry clime,
Grief's heart-throbs may ring back some day
  With meaning all sublime.

The Way of The World.

A STUDY OF SUMMER DAYS.

"Yours in happy anticipation."

A letter received by Miss Grace Symington at Hotel Roanoke, June 17th, 1898.

HAMPDEN SIDNEY, VA.

Vacation at last, dearest Grace! and Commencement, but not like the last, when you were here. Girls, speeches, flowers, and all that, but — no Grace — ! By the way, they said that my speech was the best, but "they" dont always get things straight, you know. You should have seen Neb. get mad. I leave for Richmond tomorrow. Write me at the Jeff. when I may meet you at Old Point.

Yours in happy anticipation,

Harold ——.

Thursday — June 16th, 1898.

Received by Harold Poindexter at the Jefferson.

HOTEL ROANOKE,
ROANOKE, VA.

Dear old Harold

I see you are done with
those books for a-
while and you didnt
like that stuped gorle-
For boy you must read you
speech to me when ye go
sailing. I must get mad.
We have had a lovely
time at least Mama says
so. but I'm sicking for
the fall-term at the Hygeia
and may be for commodities

Harold writes a note to Grace, who has reached Old Point.

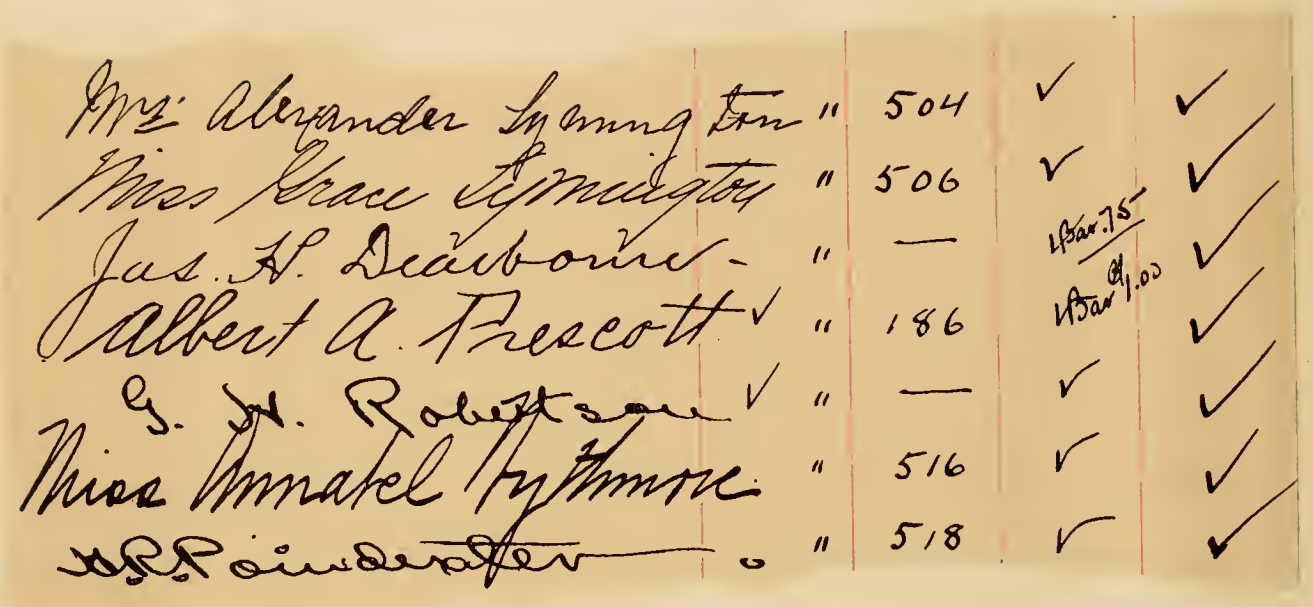
THE JEFFERSON
RICHMOND

Just one day, sweetheart till I see you. — Yet tomorrow seems an age away. There's not a girl in Richmond fit to tie your little shoes. I'll be awfully good, and you'll find me at the pier tomorrow, and afterwards — well, we'll see.

Your own,
Harold.

June 21st 1898.

A clipping from the register of The Hygeia, June 22d, 1898.



"Who registered here just before me."

The porter takes this note to Miss Symington's room.

Fortress Monroe, Va. June 22nd 1898

Just arrived, my darling. When and where can I see you?

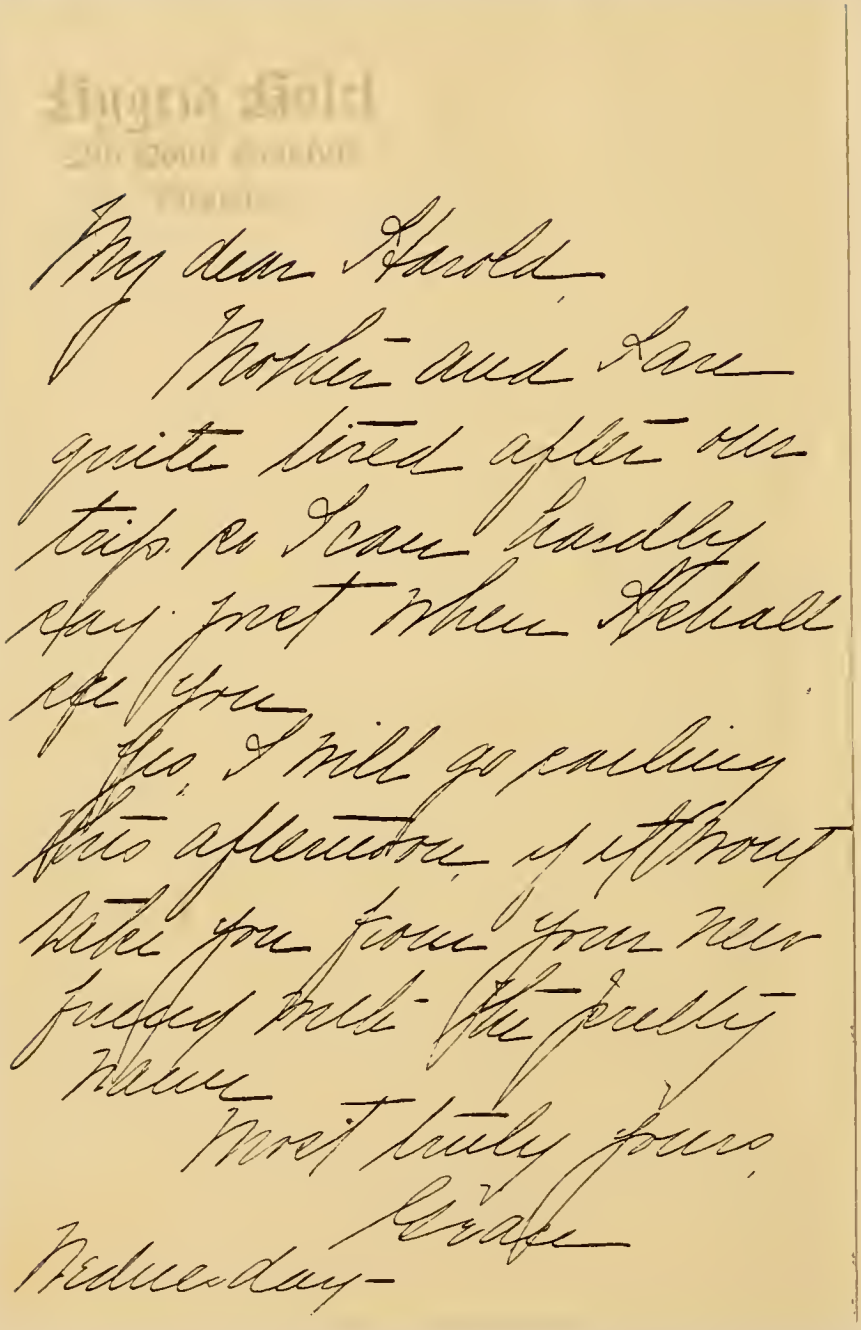
Coming down on the train this a.m., I met a charming woman, an actress, who registered here just before me. Her name is Annabel Wythmore — pretty name isn't it?

Shall we go sailing this afternoon?

Yours devotedly,

Harold.

Harold receives a reply while at dinner.



My dear Harold

Mother and I are quite tired after our trip to Scarborough today just when Ethel left you

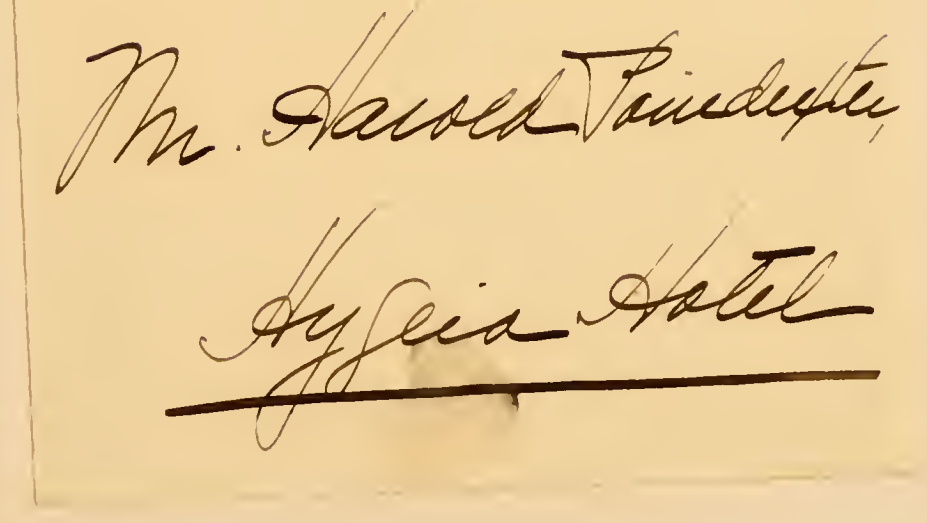
Yes I will go carefully this afternoon & without take you down your new footed bath the pretty blue

Most truly yours

Linda

Wednesday-

Annabel Wythmore's letter to Harold that through a terrible bit of carelessness on his part found its way to Grace's hands.



Hygeia Hotel
Old Point Comfort
Virginia

And as you took me reading-
called me your darling your
wife to & And all the time
you had two letters in your
pocket! Let me answer the
papers you gave me in the
Hygeia Ho! What am I to think
of you when I look at you?
How many women have places
in your heart? And do you
make each one believe it
all her own as I so foolishly
have done? My mother and
I leave for Roanoke this evening
Monday 27th Love-

The first mail Tuesday morning bore this missive.

Fortress Monroe, Va. June 28th 1878

Oh, Grace, my darling, shall it be a life's difference to us — this folly of mine? It is not as you think; I love but one woman, and that is you, my sweetheart. I was mad, but my brain is clear again, and I am now better able to see you as you are. My life, my darling, the whole world could not move me an inch now. Can we say to our impulses for the time - "do this" and always expect obedience? Tonight I shall be at The Jefferson, Richmond. I shall be miserable till you write your forgiveness.

Ever yours,

Harold Poindexter.

"And one that she cannot."

After ten days anxious waiting Harold receives this letter.

HOTEL ROANOKE,
ROANOKE, VA.

There is a falseness What a
woman can forgive and one
that she cannot. If you had
left me to go about my possi-
bly time might have brought
your pardon but for that wom-
an. Ah! Harold you can never
be the same to me again
For what could the future be to
me or to you with this blot
upon our love We
must bury the old days Harold
and the memories cannot be
the fulfilment of dreams. Go
Take for you know now. What
to do with your life, take it.
Only Frederetta. Grace Livingston

Harold writes to his college chum.

THE JEFFERSON,
Richmond, Virginia.
P. M. Fry, *Manager.*

RICHMOND, VA., July 9th 1898

My dear Bob,

I write myself down a blooming idiot, and not only an idiot but the most miserable of men. In my despair, I turn to you, my faithful chum — you who have stood by me all of these four years, and who know my darling, from whom I am now separated forever. You were acquainted with my plans. Well, on my way down to Old Point I met a most fascinating woman — Vyttemore, the actress. Naturally, a flirtation; and I was so infatuated that at Old Point, like a moth, I returned to the enticing flame. One of her affectionate notes, in which she quoted my exact words, fell into Grace's hands by my own stupidity. You can imagine the rest! Here I am, a pitiable fool, who threw away light, love, and happiness. Yr. true friend,
Poindexter.

A clipping from the June, 1899, issue of "The Hampden-Sidney Magazine."

the difference in sheer strength is manifest. Both upon the *grid-iron* and the *diamond* our teams have made a far better showing.

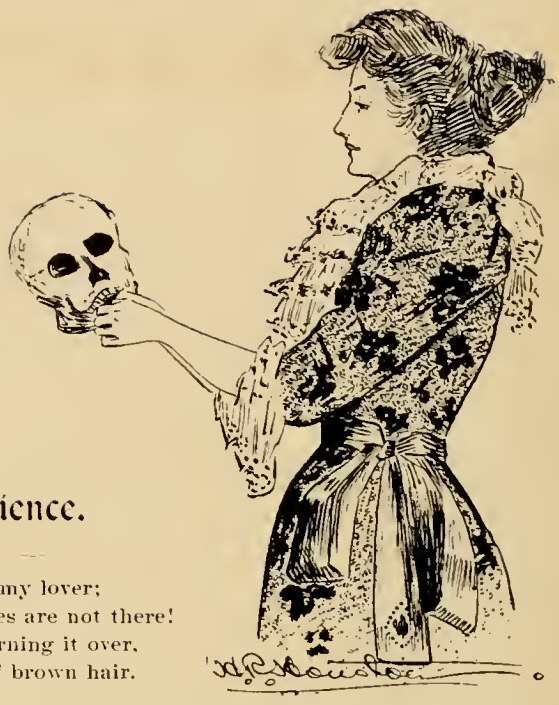
* * *

Among some of our prominent young alumni that visited the "Hill" during the ninety-nine commencement, we would mention: Messrs. J. G. McAllister, '94; Dandridge Spotswood, '93; A. J. Morrison, '95; H. I. Brock, '96; R. K. Brock, 97; H. R. Poindexter, '98; Asa D. Watkins, '94, and E. L. Trinkle, '96. And there were many others, all of whom we were glad to welcome back to their *alma mater*.

* * *

On Wednesday night, 14th instant, the spacious college gymnasium, lighted with variegated shades and adorned with ever-greens, potted plants, and the college colors. presented a pleasing spectacle, and was the scene of brilliant animation. It was then that the most conspicuous social event of the season of gaiety took place, in the form of a german given by the students, in honor of the visiting young ladies and alumni. The sweet music discoursed throughout the evening by the Italian orchestra lent enchantment to the occasion. The chaperones were: Mesdames Broek, Tabb and Harrison. Mr. Harold R. Poindexter, with Miss Grace Symington, led and introduced many beautiful and novel figures, the prettiest and most intricate being the one forming the letters H. S. C.

Those present were: Miss Bessie Dunlap with Mr. J. R. Johnson; Miss Mattie Leigh Cunningham with Mr. T. N. Jones; Miss Frances Peck with Mr. H. W. Cole; Miss Lizzie Watkins with Mr. E. E. Booker; Miss Nellie Sampell with Mr. Dandridge Spotswood; Miss Elizabeth Wicker with Mr. W. B. Lorraine; Miss Nellie Morton with Mr. E. W. Venable; Miss Lily Cary with Mr. T. C. Jones; Miss Mamie Echols with Mr. R. K. Brock; Miss Polly Chisman with Mr. E. B. Herndon; Miss Jennie Glover with Mr. G. G. Gooch; Miss Jennie Hart with Mr. A. J. Morrison: Miss Sadie Jeffress with Mr. R. M. P.



Conscience.

I hold in my hand the skull of my lover;
I look in the sockets—the eyes are not there!
I count the white teeth, and turning it over,
I find on the temple a lock of brown hair.

O horrible thing! Hast been a white forehead?
Have I felt thy warm cheek pressed close unto mine?
Fleshless lips, hast thou oft-times smilingly said
Thou wouldst speak from the grave to claim *me* as *thine?*

Ah, my beloved, thou didst sadly perish;
And he whom thou rivall'd hath sent *this* to me!
"Found on the battle-field!"—his vengeance to cherish
Knowing I loved thee—I loved none but thee!

Oh, voiceless relic, truly hideous now,
Canst tell of the battle? The shock and the pain?
Canst whisper of awful things seen, and of How
And Where we shall meet and love once again?

Hast the dark o' thine eyes melted in the night skies?
Thy blood? Is it spilt in Death's Lethean stream?
Art thou happier now, since grown Heaven-wise,
Or,—Oh mercy on me! I've had *such* a *dream!!*

I 'll jump out of bed and I 'll write him a letter;
I 'll say—"Dear, come home on a furlough *at once;*
I know now I love you as well—yes, *better*
Than creed, or than country,
Your own little

DUNCE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Billy Shakespeare and Old Mother Goose.

I sing the great twins of Parnassus!
The poets of youth and old age,
Oft repeated, they never harass us,
New pleasures they give on each page.
Of their singing we never grow weary;
Their stories can never grow dreary—
Billy Shakespeare and Old Mother Goose.

Of all the great poets and sages,
Of the heroes and warriors bold,—
Great names that will live through the ages
Blazing out in clear letters of gold;—
Which of these will I always remember
Till my April runs into December?
Billy Shakespeare and Old Mother Goose.

Horace, Æsop, and Cæsar and Cato,
Aristotle and Plutarch have fame;
Homer, Socrates, Virgil and Plato
Each lives in an undying name.
But the two that can never grow old?
Whose fires can never grow cold?
Billy Shakespeare and Old Mother Goose.

Josephus, Cervantes and Irving,
Yes, Cleveland and Rutherford Hayes
Have written prose poems deserving
Unstinted, unqualified praise.
Yet, two are more potent than these
Old age, youth, and childhood to please:—
Billy Shakespeare and Old Mother Goose.

— W. G. Eggleston —

College Men and College Men.

The Roister is essentially a nocturnal creature. We are made fully aware of his presence on the campus at night by repeated shouting, halloing and hailing of his fellows. Occasionally, too, a sudden burst of song executed in the highest key within reach puts the silent night air into vibration.

I happened in on one of these fellows one night some time back—purely by accident, you understand, for I don't drink. My knock was followed by a great scurrying and scrambling and as I opened the door in response to the somewhat tardy invitation to come in, I saw at once what was up. Jack was standing near the table in his shirt sleeves intent upon seeing who his visitor might be. There were three others present all looking a little startled. "Oh, it is you, is it!" cried Jack in evident relief. "Fellows bring the liquor forth again and let 's do honor to our guest. Have a drink old man, you are just in time."

THE ROISTER.

"Don't drink!" this in reply to my refusal to take anything. "Bill, you are a liar; you do drink and what 's more you are going to drink now. Pass the bottle, fellows, he 's half dead for a drink." "I am not feeling well, old man," I told him, trying another tack. "Just the thing for you," he cried, "the very thing. Take a good stiff one, and sir," said he growing eloquent—"thy health will speedily return and thy youth be renewed like the eagle." Again I declined. "But you must," cried Jack, "I 'll feel hurt if you don't." When I still hesitated he seized the bottle and placing it at my lips, declared that I must. "You shall, by the Lord you shall. Fellows, lock the door. No friend of mine shall leave my room without taking a drink." The others coming up and

taking hold of me I saw the futility of further resistance and promised to comply with their request if they would let me go. They then released me and I lifted the bottle to my lips and took a small sip saying, at the same time, "My regards, gentlemen!" Jack grumbled that I hadn't taken enough to phase a gnat but appeared better satisfied. He then raised the bottle to his own lips and took a long pull, just to show me, as he said, how a gentleman ought to drink. After this there followed songs, skirt dances and what not and then they sallied forth to visit their friends, as they said and keep them up until nearly morning.

Such is the Roister. He is not a bad fellow; in fact he is a thoroughly good fellow. Generous, frank, warm-hearted, cheerful, ready to do anything for a friend even to taking his coat off his own back, an enemy to no one but himself.

THE WOULD-BE SPORT.

"BEWARE of imitations!" This warning no doubt calls for explanation I wish you to beware of the *would-be sport*, that embryonic imitative creature more properly called a "squirt." As is often the case with commercial articles so it is here, the imitations are more numerous than the genuine sport.

The Sport proper is quite a valuable factor about college, impressing the stranger, as he does, with the all-'round up-to-dateness of our institution. He it is who represents us abroad, and who can do it better? Morally speaking, he is not the most abstemious of men,—he likes his drink and on occasions gets on a "bum." He is fond of the spotted pasteboards and colored ivory. He bets freely on the ball games against heavy odds—for the credit of his alma mater, he says. He is more or less profane but is not so prodigal with his oaths as his imitators who think it necessary to preface each statement with a discharge of brimstone.

The college sport is decidedly partial to dress and at times is becomingly arrayed.

The Sport is not, perhaps, a person to be admired but there is a daring, a recklessness, a dash about him that arrests our attention and fascinates even if it does not call forth our approval, and with all his faults the true sport is a gentleman—at least if our forefathers were, for his offenses are largely the same as were theirs. But from the would-be sport, and lo, there are many, may the good Lord deliver us.

THE LITERARY MAN

THE LITERARY man is easily marked by any one who takes pains to notice the peculiarities which pertain to different people. There is an air about him which is unmistakable. He carries his head a trifle high, has an extremely busy appearance and always appears to be looking for some one. He holds himself aloof from the common herd and only fraternizes with those who like himself are blessed with intellectual qualities and are of a literary bent.

Of course he is not without college spirit. In fact he is a regular patron of the athletic field—that is as a spectator—but he does not give way to the wild enthusiasm of his less cultivated companions. He smiles, however, at their yells, shouts, and facetious sayings—the necessary accompaniment of inter-collegiate games—in a manner more of approval than otherwise, but at the same time seeming to say "this is all very well and proper for such as have neglected to train their minds but for us it would be out of the question."

He is disposed to laugh at the ignorance displayed by some of his fellow students, but in a kindly way. He has a good deal to say about writing this and that article for the *Magazine*, is fond of taking walks for exercise with others like himself of a literary cast—ostensibly talking of matters philosophical and otherwise, but in reality more often gossiping like his inferiors. He is looked up to by the lower classmen, being regarded by them with a vast amount of respect. If you know him intimately you will find him a very pleasant fellow and not so different from his fellow students. He is, too, as a rule rather clever and you will find him very companionable. He seems, however, to think it necessary to hold himself somewhat aloof and assume these airs the better to play his role. Perhaps he is right for as every one knows a little formality and reserve is a good thing to impress the "hoi polloi."

THE CALICO MAN.

The College Hypocrite,—the man who wears a long face, is uncharitable in the extreme to the foibles and shortcomings of his fellow students, and is one of the elements which go to make up the student body. He wears an air of deep piety and sombre garments. His smile, when he does smile, is one of superiority and condescension. He has the pharisaical bearing to perfection. At the same time he will be found to be guilty of many things of a dishonorable nature, such as his fellow students, professedly bad though they be, would never stoop to. At certain seasons he becomes fired with a religious frenzy which causes him to attempt to convert his ungodly companions by wholesale and when he finds one who can not be convinced by his arguments he rises in his wrath and disappointment and seeks to bear down his opponent by pronouncing his damnation with a sort of triumph. The Hypocrite is not a dissipated man nor is he often profane, but he is a liar as his name implies. Such characters as these would do great harm but for the fact that they are of such a class of men that their example either for good or bad is not apt to have any effect except to arouse every honest man's disgust.

THE HYPOCRITE.

It is difficult to reduce the calico man to a general type. At Hampden-Sidney those who manifest a fondness for ladies' society comprise such a heterogeneous crowd, representing every element of the student body, that there is little by which the calico man may be characterized. There is the Literary Man, the burly Athlete, the Sport sometimes, the Roister occasionally, and even the Toiler once in a while; in fact every type is represented. Not that the passion for ladies' society is rampant, for I do not even mean to say that *nearly all* go in for calico, on the contrary those who are much given to the pastime are comparatively few, but as each element contributes its quota, it is impossible to find much in common among such diversified characters.

Very possibly the gentlemen most addicted to the habit are the Literary and Y. M. C. A. element—they furnish the largest contingent—the "editor" with his cynical smile and the "brother" with his sombre garb and unfailing white tie. All classes go in their best—the Athlete, it is true, will sometimes venture out in his golf paraphernalia, but even he is wont to array himself with great care to his greater discomfort. The Sport goes rarely. He finds it a tame amusement and

when he does go he is gotten up with faultless style and stands unapproachable in his elegance. On festive occasions, generally, he shines forth with a splendor and luster that none of his companions can attain.

The Toiler pays about two visits during the year, sits up and smiles at all that is said but rarely venturing a remark, yet he afterwards declares that he has had a splendid time and wishes he had more time to devote to such pleasures.

The Roister is the misogynist of college or at least professes to be and certain it is that he has a greater love than that for girls and it isn't self-love either.

With the Toiler I am only slightly acquainted, but in this respect I am not more unfortunate than others, for the Toiler is something of a terrapin and rarely comes out of his studious shell. Of course I know him when I see him, for who does not recognize him at once by his bleary looks and careworn absent air. We read midnight oil in every line of his face, and the face of theToiler has many.

Little interest does the Toiler manifest in college affairs and from this and his habitual reserve he often has the epithet "short" applied to him, but it is unjust. He is not really selfish but as he is usually a person who has passed the average age of the college boy and at the same time is often poor, he feels that he hasn't time for any display of college spirit but devotes himself exclusively to the primary object for which he came.

THE TOILER.

I have visited the Toiler on one or two occasions. Strange, you say, that *I* should be visiting the Toiler. Not so strange as at first appears—I was simply and consistently carrying out my propensity for loafing and happened in on the Toiler. Had I been sensitive it is likely I should have taken offense at my welcome, which had but little cordiality in it. The Toiler was bending over his table laboriously conning some lesson. He smiled at me faintly and asked me to take a seat, but all in such a melancholy, listless way that one would be more than apt to feel that he was in the wrong berth. I took no notice of it, however, and began to talk at once. By a mighty effort on my part I extracted a couple of fairly hearty laughs from him but as the after effects seemed rather painful to him I shortly withdrew and since then have seen little of the Toiler except to meet him now and then on his solitary walks.

THE ATHLETE is of necessity an important element in college life and that he is fully alive to his importance is strongly in evidence. With shirts of any kind he is a comparative stranger, but with a stiff bosom white shirt he can scarcely even be said to be acquainted and if perchance he should come closely in contact with one he would be visibly discomforted. He is something of a philosopher, supplying all needs with his garnet sweater, instead of the philosopher's blanket. Pulling this on in the morning, he is ready to appear in all companies. With the broad sailor collar turned down over his coat, no other neckwear is needed and in fact a tie would be regarded as superfluous. His golf trousers something the worse for wear, his tan shoes showing an appalling ignorance of the uses of polish, and a much battered and stained gray fedora complete his get up. Thus attired

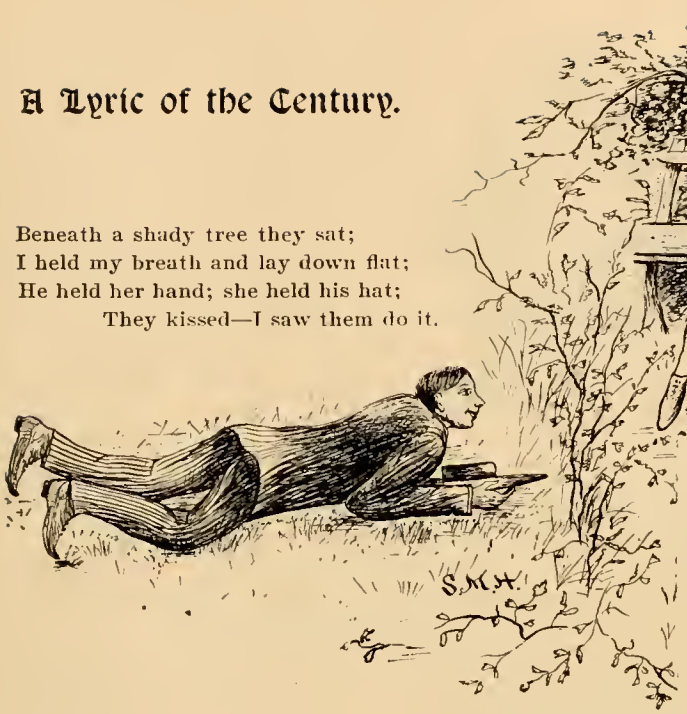
THE ATHLETE.

he swaggers through the day till the afternoon when he dons the polluted garments of the "gridiron." We all know his appearance with this suit of mail which if not proof against his opponents, keeps all others at a respectable distance.

Notwithstanding the fact that the above is a true and conscientious description of the college athlete, he is the darling of the ladies, their hero, and many a pair of pretty hands are withdrawn from their snug resting places (I mean muffs, of course,) to cheer him on to victory with their inspiring clapping and many a sweet voice becomes for the time being wildly shrill, thereby announcing to him that she sees him and feels immensely proud.

After a successful contest, he is moreover the hero of the whole college and we seek to do him honor. He is loaded down with praises and cigars, and a case of swell head is not infrequently the outcome.

A Lyric of the Century.



Beneath a shady tree they sat;
I held my breath and lay down flat;
He held her hand; she held his hat;
They kissed—I saw them do it.

He held that kissing was no crime;
She held her head up every time;
I held my peace and wrote this rhyme—
They thought that no one knew it.

Messages.

Under God's sky when the day is done,
Whether its hue be gold or gray,
Through the drear rain or the slanting sun,
Stretching their mile upon mile of way,
Networks of numberless wires run.

What are the messages they have borne
To the earnest toiler and trifler gay?
How many hearts have been wrung and torn,
How many lives made glad to-day?
Who taught to laugh and who to mourn?

Little brown bird on the wire there,
Trilling your evensong soft and sweet;
Naught do you know and nothing care
That the quivering under your tiny feet
May wither a life that has blossomed fair.

Shall we ever know more than the little brown bird?
Must the agonized heart always question in vain?
Or will the day come when, its questioning heard,
The messages' meaning be all made plain,
And we know why our lives with pain are stirred?

My Darling's Eyes.

Still in my mind I seem to see
    My darling's eyes.
Sweet dark eyes so witchingly
    And strangely wise
Faintly from the dream-dim haze
Of my memories' mingled maze
Made of merry and moody days
Haunting sweet they shine always
    Ah! so dear to me.

Yet have I sought on many a day
    To drive them hence,
For those dear eyes in many a way
    Do me offense.
When I must work their misty light
Comes with the tender dreams of night.
And bears my thoughts in distant flight,
Away from tasks and labors quite.
    Striving all I may.

Ah! dear love, in many a wise
    I 've sought in vain.
Yet could I banish those dear eyes
    What would I gain?
Bereft of them, if I should be
My darling's eyes so dear to me
Though seen in dreams and mistily.
Ah! could my gains bring back to me
    My dear darling's eyes.

To a Girl who Called her Green Eyes Grey.

And 't is my turn, you say?
  Here 's to her bright grey eye!
(An absinthe, ho! frappé!
  To drink the toast)—and why?

Peagreen 's the same as grey,
  (Which seems a queerish lie),
But there 's many a way
  That folks see things—and my!

Peagreen may look as grey
  By lamplight to the eye,
Though by the glare of day,
  The shade is plain to spy.

The Boys.

A Senior may dance from dark till dawn,
  And a Senior may look blasé;
But he can't get to chapel at 9 a. m.,
  For a Senior ain't built that way!

A Junior may smoke and a Junior may drink,
  As hard as a Junior may;
But he can't light his pipe with a ten-penny nail,
  For a Junior ain't built that way!

A Soph. may curse and a Soph. may swear,
  And gamble his nickels away;
But he can't take his drinks without tears in his eyes,
  For a Soph. ain't built that way!

A Fresh. may brag and a Fresh. may boast,
  And loaf in the store all day;
But he never can seem anything but a Fresh.,
  For a Freshman *is* built that way!

Hard Lines.

NEANISKOS: Bad dog you have out there, your honors.

RHADAMANTHUS: Not to speak of what comes to us here within. Why did you not go to chapel?

NEANISKOS: I could not get up in time for chapel.

MINOS: To church?

NEANISKOS: I was bored at church.

AEACUS: What made you cut recitations?

NEANISKOS: You can pass examinations without going to recitations.

RHADAMANTHUS: Chapel is at 8:40. Could you not get up by 8:40?

NEANISKOS: If I went to bed before twelve o'clock, I overslept myself from too much sleep. If I went to bed after twelve o'clock, I overslept myself from too little sleep.

MINOS: Church is at eleven.

NEANISKOS: But on Sunday mornings I had to wash and shave, and my fraternity meets on Saturday night. Besides, I never cared for long-winded sermons, full of polysyllabic predestinarianisms.

AEACUS: How about the recitations?

NEANISKOS: They told me not to cram. I followed their advice as far as possible and, instead of cramming every day, crammed only twice a year, before examinations. And sometimes I wanted to go to Farmville.

AEACUS: To Farmville?

MINOS: Maidens live in Farmville. Beer is sold in Farmville.

RHADAMANTHUS: He speaks frankly.

AEACUS: He speaks reasonably.

MINOS: He does not waste words.

NEANISKOS: Thanks.

RHADAMANTHUS: What verdict do you expect?

NEANISKOS: What I deserve.

MINOS: And that?

NEANISKOS: A chromo.

AEACUS: Explain yourself.

NEANISKOS: You mean define chromo?

AEACUS: Oh, no. Simply state your reasons for expecting such.

NEANISKOS (theatrically): If I had gone to chapel, I might have become a slave to system. If I had gone to church, I might have become a slave to dogma. If I had not cut recitations, I would have become, without a doubt, a slave to the letter of the text-book. As it was, I was free, and liberty is sweet. Therefore I deserve a chromo.

RHADAMANTHUS: Good. (Aside.) My verdict is, give him the chromo.

MINOS: I concur.

AEACUS: I concur; but what is a chromo?

RHADAMANTHUS: A chromo is a picture of the faculty. (To Neaniskos.) Neaniskos, O excellent Neaniskos, you have well spoken. A chromo you shall have. This lithograph of the faculty shall never leave you. On week-days it shall remind you of the good men to whom you would not hearken. And furthermore, on Sundays, this small phonograph shall reproduce for you the sermons you did not hear. Our verdict is, lithograph and phonograph, phonograph and lithograph, for ever and ever and ever.

Neaniskos, utterly crushed (and a crushed shade is a shade more crushed than other shades) is borne away.

A Smoker's Reply.

Dedicated to His Young Lady Friends.

I am told 't is pernicious to smoke,
  That tobacco is bad for my heart,
That my lungs must speedily choke,
  And my soul from my body depart.
Some ask "have I got any gumption?"
  And "am I so anxious to die?
Don't I know that I 'll soon have consumption,
  Waste away and be gone like a sigh?"
Now this preaching is flattering quite
  For it shows such an interest in me,
The reasoning too may be right
  But a smoke 's such a pleasure you see!
Moreover, my dear young attacker
  I beg that you answer me true,
Does my heart suffer most from tobacco
  Or is it not most due to you?
Is the slow but unfelt undermining,
  Which is due to a comforting smoke,
So bad as that fierce repining
  Which comes from your innocent joke?
So leave me in smoke to revel
  For I love it most dearly, you bet
And away with advice to the devil!
  While I smoke—one more cigarette.

Dream Fugues.

Far out in the west the red sun fades,
  And the fire clouds lose their golden glow,
And the quivering nets of lights and shades
  On the painted panels come and go;
The campus oak in the grassy glades
  Their stately heads are bending low,
And the things that are their places trade
  With the things that were in the long ago.

Once more on the evening promenades,
  The lingering groups move to and fro,
And I hear the low laugh of the red-lipped maids,
  The dear old girls that we used to know;
There comes a rustle of stiff brocades
  From the gym's bright windows, wide and low,
And out of the gloom of its dim façades
  Floats the old waltz music, soft and slow.

But Fancy's cloud-wrack half-way fades,
  As other memories o'er me flow,
And I dream of the royal flush in spades
  That I held one night when the funds were low,
And the moonlight eats, and the daring raids,
  And the rollicking crowd that made them so,
And the Profs. that frowned on our escapades,
  While we were as free as the winds that blow.

L'ENVOI.

We know not how, but the daylight fades
  And the night comes swift on the evening's glow,
  And the days and ways that we used to know,
We bid farewell in its dark-wrought shades.

Her Sweet Reply.

Her sweet reply to what in fear
  I asked, was only this: That I—
But why should you desire to hear
  Her sweet reply?

She was so fair and sweetly shy,
  In faltering words, yet all sincere.
I said that I could live or die

For her: and manfully, if here
  And now she 'd say to me, that I
As she did say—soft-voicing clear,
  Her sweet reply?

When Riley Comes to Town.

A rugged old farmer has just returned home from a visit to the city—a rare event in his life—where he went to make some purchases for the farm, and stayed with his son, John. While in the city John took him to hear James Whitcomb Riley. Soon after he returns some of his neighbors gather around him and begin to question him about the sights of the city; and after talking a while, his mind reverts to that which has evidently most deeply impressed him, and he says:

I don't know how it come about,
  I couldn't exackly say,
But John, he asked me to go out—
  (In a right persuadin' way)—
To hear a Mr. Riley speak—
  An' so we both went 'roun',
For John sez even the church folks go,
  When Riley comes to town!

We went inside a opery-house—
  (The fust time in my life!)
An' when I came back home to-day,
  I had t' explain to wife
That there warn't no highfalutin men
  An' gals a-dancin' 'roun'—
For all that sort of thing—it stops,
  When Riley comes to town!

The house wuz all lit up and bright,
  An' the gals, they looked so sweet,
That when one happened down my way,
  I offered her my seat!
Jus' then they all began to clap,
  An' the canes began to poun'—
An' John sez they always do that way
  When Riley comes to town!

Well, Riley, he began to talk
  About a swimmin' pool—
It made me think of days long gone,
  When I wuz a boy at skool.
An' I guess I must have gone ter sleep,
  For while he talked and talked,
I saw my dear old mother's home
  An' down the path I walked,

An' heard the hummin' of the bees,
  An' saw the cattle graze—
I wuz a little boy again,
  An' dreamt of happy days,
When school was out an' summer time
  Had come aroun' once more—
Then John, he nudged and said to me,
"We 'll give him a onkore!"

Well, it 's a funny thing, but ev'ry time
  That Riley spoke that night,
I went right fast to sleep and dreamed
  Of the happy days, an' bright,
When I wuz but a barefoot boy,
  A-runnin' all aroun'—
An' you can bet I 'll go again,
  When Riley comes to town!

J. D. Eggleston

Facing the Storm.

When we lift our eyes and face the storm,
  Dark and heavy the snowflakes seem;
Yet lightly they flutter, and soft and warm
  A carpet of brilliants under the gleam
Of the winter sun, o'er the earth they form.

When the snows of life hang gray in our skies,
  And our way with sorrows alone replete,
They may whiten our heads and dampen our eyes.
  But we finally trample them under our feet,
And fitter the world for the sacrifice.

Stepping Stones.

In a churchyard old I stood alone
  And dreamed, where roses climbed and swirled,
That a grave is naught but a stepping-stone
  Whence a soul hath crossed to a better world.

When I shall enter the cold, dark stream
  And, faint and far, earth's tune hath grown,
Loved hands, once lost in life's sad dream,
  Shall guide me safe o'er the stepping-stone.

Battle of Fredericksburg.

The Blue and Gray were marshalled
In battle's stern array—
Those on the heights of Stafford,
These on the Hill Marye.

Ah! well they knew each other,
They had felt each other's blows,
Yet neither feared the conflict,
Nor either dreamed of woes.

Thus all day long they mustered,
Bright banners floating high,
While flashed their polished muskets
Like meteors in the sky.

Thus grandly proud they gathered
With bearing calm, serene,
While gleamed the river brightly—
A streak of light between.

Then darkness fell upon them,
And shadows like a pall
In sable robes of mourning
Wrapped hill and vale and all.

But hark! the booming cannon
Breaks in with sudden roar,
And deep the deafening echoes
Resound from shore to shore.

"A signal gun!" the soldiers cry,
"The foe, they come! they come!"
And quick there rolls the loud reply
Of deep resounding drum.

Those lines so blue, with human might
Would cross that stream so wide,
Though thousands know their hearts' best blood
Must mingle with the tide.

Along the southern shore is formed
The Blue in phalanx free,
While on the Hill Marye are seen
The men who stood with Lee.

But Nature for a time appeared
Their purpose to resist,
And o'er the mustering host she flung
A veil of silvery mist.

But soon the sun its rights proclaimed
And rolled the mist away
And flashed its brightest rays upon
The Blue in grand array.

Then glowed a scene which thrilled the nerve
And filed the heart with pride.
The grandest host had gathered there
In all the world so wide.

"Forward!"—The order shook the plain,
"Forward!" the ringing cry,
"Forward!" and hundred tongues repeat,
"We win, the recreant die!"

Echoed the earth with thunders riven,
The cannon roared with ire,
And screaming shell and iron hail
With fury poured their fire.

But dauntless stood the line of Gray.
No recreant there is found.
Baptized in blood they met the foe
Now charging o'er the ground.

On, on they charge, that line of Blue,
A wave of angry might,
Staining the ground with Southern blood,
Driving the Gray in flight.

The crest is gained, the heights are taken,
And wave their banners high,
The victory now in easy grasp
If promised help were nigh.

But oh! that reekless, headlong charge
Gaps in their lines had made.
And now all breathless, panting, broken
They saw no hope of aid.

Then rose the second line of Gray
With wild and frightful yell,
And on the broken line of Blue
In awful fury fell.

Back down the hill the Blue is swept.
The field is piled with dead,
Deep wounds in every dreadful blow
Where flames the battle red.

The charge had failed, and now the ground
Is soaked with human gore,
Where flashed the sun o'er smiling fields
Just one short hour before.

But here the struggle could not end.
Duty they must perform,
Though bloodier be the sacrifice,
More dread the coming storm.

Three times the vain essay was tried
Upon that field so gory.
And three times did the sequel tell
The selfsame bloody story.

Be not the blame on valor laid
In the rank and file of Blue,
For ne'er in all the tide of time
Fought men more brave or true.

The day was done, the battle lost!
The sun went down in glory,
But never did his lingering rays
Fall on a field so gory.

The pale moon climbed the cloudless east
And her nightly vigil kept
Where, on that bloody battle-field,
Ten thousand dead men slept.

And there the ghostly, upturned face
With sightless, glazed eye
Appeared to mock the pallid stars,
That watched them from on high.

Words of the Ancient Mariner
Arose with terror cold,
And thoughts of fright did fill the night
Of the dead once brave and bold.

An orphan's curse may drag to hell
An angel from on high,
But oh! more terrible than that
Is the curse of a dead man's eye.

Slowly the long night dragged away,
Ere light set up its reign,
But ere the sunbeams kissed the hills
The battle burst again.

From Stafford Heights the cannon roared
With hoarse and bellowing sound,
And shrieking shells in furious storm
Swept all the valley round.

But 'midst that roaring cannonade
A cry comes from the plain.
The Federal wounded lying there
Would mercy ask in vain.

"Help! oh help!" the piteous cry,
From a hundred tongues it rang,
And the faint and feeble voices told
Of wound and dying pang.

But who could breast that iron hail?
Who aid could bear and live?
Though many in that line of Gray
The needed help would give.

That cry of pain like piercing darts
The men of Gray did tear.
From face to face they looked to see
If any man would dare.

Then 'midst the din, another cry
That stilled the pulse with cold
And struck the heart of the soldier brave
With a horror yet untold.

"Water! water!" oh God, it rang,
"I ask not life nor quarter,
But oh! for love of Jesus Christ
Give but *one drop* of water."

Then up sprang one, a stripling boy,
And bounded o'er the wall.
Unheeded were the raging storm
And deadly cannon ball.

With all his might he sped away,
His canteen borne on high,
As though invoking aid from God—
Protection from the sky.

Around him swift flew shot and shell
In battle's furious storm,
But angel's wings had sheltered him,
He gains the prostrate form.

He lifts the dying soldier's head—
A soldier dressed in blue,
"Take this," he cried, "God help you now,"
Then back to shelter flew.

The deed is done, the noblest deed
Of patriotic glory,
May it echo through the vaults of time,
Be told in classic story.

And when this cruel war shall end
And the soldiers gather round
To tell of deeds of valor done
On the bloody battle-ground,

The Blue and the Gray, as brothers, may
Mingle their silent tears
When they speak of this, the noblest deed
Of all these bloody years.

J. V. Ryals.

Rien N'est Perdu.

Exists there nothing to be lost,
And death comes not to those who live,
The change that melts the wintry frost,
To us eternal glory give.

The star that wanders from its course,
And falling, falls upon our earth,
Is never lost, but changed perforce,
From death into another birth.

The rainbow in the summer sky,
Its beauty oft does cast around,
'T was never made to fade or die,
But, changing, falleth to the ground.

The dewdrop on the blade of grass
While twinkling forth its tiny ray,
Does live, does change and softly pass,
From water into mist away.

Launched.

I REMEMBER the text of the baccalaureate sermon, and even some of the points touched upon by the venerable preacher, but I recall these things in the same way as I recall snatches of Gildersleeve's Grammar, of Chemistry, or of Psychology. You know how you feel in the recitation-room. You are there and have to follow, in a way, what goes on, and be able to remember what the book says when you are called on, but that is about all. It is much the same with sermons, except that you don't have to recite on sermons, and so can omit cramming up the heads.

That was the way it was with the baccalaureate sermon, and in truth I can not say that I was much stirred by any part of the commencement exercises, or that I had a sense of the great significance of the occasion dwelt upon by several of the speakers. I didn't feel sad, I didn't feel ambitious, I didn't feel desperate. I just didn't feel. When people said that the speeches were good, and that it was a fine commencement, I said that I thought so too; when they criticised, I agreed with them. When Wednesday morning came and I had to make a speech myself I was certainly a little wrought up lest I should forget my oration on "Civil Service Reform," but when my turn came I got through all right, and had sent me a good many flowers. The orator of the day spoke on "The Need and Opportunity for College-trained Men in Public Life." He made a fiery address but I didn't exactly catch his drift. After the exercises this gentleman shook me warmly by the hand and said that he was glad to see I had the right principles, and a member of the faculty, who was standing by, put in that I had made a good mark on Political Economy.

With my diploma in my inside pocket I went to dinner and after it chatted for a good while with the girls staying in the house. They got me to read my diploma to them and when one of them corrected me in a translation or two, I said I had dropped Latin at the end of my Junior year, and was a little rusty in that study. One of these girls had a friend at Bryn Mawr, who, she said, was a famous Latin scholar, and able to read Horace like English. I took one of these girls to the celebration that night and on the way the talk somehow got on books. I asked her if she had read many of the Albatross novels. She said no; that most of her

reading was confined to a course in literature, which her teacher had suggested to her.

The Senior celebration was very good and everybody laughed a great deal. It was got up mainly by Tom Smiley, and Tom read a long rigmarole of which I remember this part, which he called

A Paradigm.

EDUCO:

I am an educator,
I am a graduator,
I am an honorable
  Member of a fac-ul-ty;
And 't is my function,
With ex-treme unction,
To make young gentlemen
  Prom-i-nent al-um-ni.

EDUCAVI:

Many have I educated,
Many have I graduated;
Many even elevated,
  From out non-lettered clahss-es;
Now behold their influence;
Contemplate their prominence;
And then draw your inference
  Whether they are ahss-es.

EDUCARE:

This it is to educate,
This it is to gradnate,
This it is to inculcate,
  Knowledge and mo-ral-i-ty;
Tell 'em to behave well,
Lecture 'em at chapel,
And most es-pe-ci-al-ly
  Make 'em learn their formnlæ.

EDUCATUS:

I am an educated,
I am a graduated,
I am an inculcated
  Product of a college,
Yet somehow I feel that,
Notwithstanding all that,
I and a fool have
  A much resembling knowledge.

After the celebration those who could dance did so, and the others sat about in the society halls or paced the long walks. I can't dance and wasn't in love, but I had a pretty good time nevertheless, and was really sorry to have to tell so many friends, old and new, goodbye when it was time for the girls to go home and so put an end to the proceedings. But I didn't feel depressed at severing these ties, and I am sure that I said almost the same thing to everybody. With the girls I got along somehow, grinning and trying to be pleasant; with the boys it was, "Well, old man, the jig 's about up. What are you going to do next year? Teach? Well, good luck. Take care of yourself and write to me sometimes."

Tom Smiley and I had arranged to leave for Farmville in a buggy at half past two o'clock. But when I went to look up Tom, after taking off my good clothes and packing my valise, I found him in no condition for traveling. In company with two or three others, he was making a speech to a picture on the wall. His face was flushed; his eyes were big and wild; and his dress clothes were terribly mussed up. I helped to put him to bed; saw that he was well covered

up; placed a pitcher of water near at hand; and then went down stairs to countermand our order for the buggy and engage a seat in a hack.

It was a clear moonless night, and so still that as I walked up and down in front of the college, I thought that this must be the quietest place on earth. A lamp or two was still burning along the walk, and lighting a pipe, I began an easy stroll into the darkness about Memorial Hall, back again to the flickering illumination in front of the college, on beyond to the deep shadows under the trees, and then over the same course again. In this way I spent the half hour until the hack was to leave.

I could not help thinking a little and reflecting upon what I had done in this place I was quitting, but I didn't think at all connectedly. I don't believe anybody thinks in words and sentences except people who write books. Pictures came before my eyes, and past feelings, but is that thinking?

I remembered how I felt as a Sophomore at commencement; what tunes the band played; what a queer feeling it gave me to hear my name read out for distinctions on Bible and English; the plans I made for studying during the summer; what a brilliant collection of girls I thought the visitors were; how ashamed I was at getting "stuck" on the promenade; and—and that after that commencement I never saw again the best friend I ever had.

I suppose I had got used to things by my Junior year, for I didn't recall much about that session or commencement except that I was mighty scared when I had to speak in the chapel, and that I was made very sick by some beer that I drank in Tom Smiley's room the night of my society's celebration.

During my Junior year, it was that I caught on pretty well how to get up things for examination, and I managed, in consequence, to come off with a good many distinctions.

And now here I was at the end of my Senior year. Graduated not with an honor, but pretty near one, they told me. I had my father's letter in my pocket, which said that my mother and he were proud of me and encouraged to think that I had begun life so well; that the best training for any activity in life, was just this which I had finished—*i. e.*, faithful performance of duty at an institution of learning justly famous for piety, scholarship, etc.: that now my future lay fair before me and he had confidence in my ability and determination to work out with credit my own destiny. The old man put up quite a curl and sent me fifty dollars for commencement expenses, saying that business had been pretty lively and he didn't want me to feel pinched at such a time.

His letter scared me a little. So at last I had to do for myself. But what was I to do? In my Sophomore year I joined the Y. M. C. A. and had some vague notion of going to the seminary. I continued a member of the Y. M. C. A., but

during the past two years the president had several times taken me to task for not being a more active worker. I could teach school for a year or two anyhow, and I should certainly get a good place, I thought, for now I had finished my studies, was an A. B., B. S., and had flattering testimonials from the faculty. But then——

"All aboard!" sung out the hackman. I knocked out my pipe, climbed to a place on the front seat, and out into the night we went. "Jog 'em up, John," said I. John jogged 'em up, and soon I was keeping time to the trot of the horses with the familiar words: "Cras amet qui nunquamavit—Cras amet qui nunquamavit." And presently I was asleep.

The Awakening.

I slept and dreamed I walked the green fields fair,
I saw the mountains blue, drank in the air;

Encrimsoned clouds, low lying in the west,
Grew pale and paler still; and sore distressed,

I read the omen. "Thus," it said to me,
"The color from thy scarlet lips shall flee,

"Thy blood shall cool as cools the western sky,
Thy night shall come and nevermore pass by,"

And lo! I waken. The yellow sun smiles down
Upon the day which he has come to crown;

The bluebirds sang, spring touched her cello sweet,
Anemones and snowdrops kissed my feet.

And thus I saw the darkness of the night
Spring into cool and fragrant orchards white.

So Morn and Time, from Death of Day and Year,
Renew the light and youth to them so dear.

A Picture.

On yonder tufted hassock
  Standeth my own true love,
And the light in her eyes outshineth
  The light of the stars above;
The happy south wind driveth
  The grasses about her feet,
And the rose with the lily striveth
  Forever upon her cheek.

A gay old song she hummeth
  Of the loves of an older time,
An answering whisper cometh
  In this wild heart of mine;
And I fain would kneel forever,
  Where the love-light shineth free,
And a careless world could never
  Steal one sweet glance from me.

The Passing Summer.

I pause upon the mountain path,
  Where brown pineneedles, thickly strewn,
Are smooth and slippery to my feet:
And full of balsam odors sweet;
  And from the distant valleys blown,
A wind—to brow and cheek, a bath.

The wild grape bunches, and their leaves,
  Hang trembling in the sun of gold;
While grasshoppers, and velvet bees
Make quick acquaintance under trees.
  The spider now grows very bold,
As swift his winter web he weaves.

The other mountains blue and gray,
  Like sentinels both far and near,
Etched faintly 'gainst a softened cloud,
(Which—too familiar—downward crowd,
  And neither gray nor blue doth fear).
But veils and mystifies the day.

And far along the yellow fields,
  Where sun and shadow hide and seek;
Where corn and tassel challenge wind;
And cows are browsing where they find
  The luscious pastures, near the creek,
The chilling day to shadow yields.

The slow approaching silhouette,
  Dark-cut against the red'ning sky:
Is shrouded winter, old and blind,
He 's left the summer far behind!
  'T is best, when summers buried lie,
To strew with flowers and forget.

Triolet.

I love you, my cigarette,
  And you my cigarette-holder;
It 's naughty to smoke, and yet
I love you, my cigarette,
For with you I can ever forget
  The world and its cold shoulder
I love you, my cigarette,
  And you, my cigarette-holder.

To a Comet.

O comet, whither dost thou tend,
  Across this trackless system wide?
What thy beginning, what thy end,
  Lone wand'rer of the midnight tide?

Whilst on thy lone and gleaming way—
  Amidst the stars, didst thou not see
Some faintly glimmering distant ray,
  Break forth across the ether sea?

Didst thou not find some heaven fair,
  Some mellow-lighted land of bliss,
Where chiming spheres sublimely there,
  Hush out remembrances of all this?

The Song of the Wren.

The snow has melted from the roof;
  No ice is on the eaves
In crystal fringe: or on the twigs
  Of plum tree, bare of leaves;
And though a light is on the hills
  Of wintry sunshine fleet—
In high, clear notes the brown wren trills,
  "Love is sweet!"

Ah, when the floods have washed away
  The murk and mud to-morrow;
And sun is warm, and buds are full—
  A day from spring to borrow—
And bluebirds twitter in the hedge:
  'T is promise incomplete
Until the brown wren gives his pledge,
"*Love is sweet!*"

When in the church yard lane, forgot,
  I some day, sure, shall rest:
Where flowers bloom, and birds will sing
  And grass nod o'er my breast.
My bones—from dust to dust returned—
  Year after year repeat
This story, from the brown wren learned,
  "*Love is sweet!*"

My Wheel.

Though 't is pedals and sprockets and patented wires,
Inspiration not short of poetical fires,
Caused my wheel;
'T was a union of Science and high-lineaged Art
Gave it parentage noble, perfecting each part
From the nickel-plate frame to the ball-bearing heart
Of my wheel.

Why laugh at my reasons? for is it not true
That in closely-knit joints 't is behind very few,—
Is my wheel?
While its sinewy muscles, symmetrical frame,
True directness of action and grace show the same,
A quintescence long filtered from name unto name
To my wheel?

Don't believe? Stop and think. In this simple machine
More of science is packed than is usually seen,
My wheel,
In the spectacled pates of the Doctors; and more
Of Applied Mathematics than is in a score
Of the scatter-brained youths who bestride them galore
On my wheel.

'T is the long cerebrations of students, my wheel;
'T is the brains of a multitude turned into steel.
This same wheel
Is the sure evolution of principles hidden
Till, through brains that had wrestled with secrets forbidden,
Came these tangible vehicles made to be ridden,
Like my wheel.

'T is aerial flight (the air-tires, you know)
Of the light winged birds that so easily go
Like my wheel.
Turn the swiftness and dash of the high-pawing steed
To the slide of the serpent through sedges and weed
And you 'll have the soft glide and the excellent speed
Of my wheel.

So when weary and hot with the town's smoke and roar
And the burdensome clatter of work, shop and store,
Darling wheel,
I steal to my silver-belled fairy and say,
"Wing me fast, wing me fast, fleet me swiftly away
From the din and the dust of the city—nor stay!
Fly, my wheel!"

Then I 'm wafted beyond seething tangles of men,
Through the fair open fields, through the wood-spiced glen
On my wheel
Into swift cooling breezes, 'long hill crests or flume
Through long lanes by the orchards, sweet-scented with bloom,
Near the snow-blossomed plum-hedge with heavy perfume
O'er my wheel;

Till in full, mystic splendor the sun 's going down
And I turn to the drive-way that leads back to town,
And I wheel
Past the scurrying broughams near Reservoir Park,
Whisk by home-plodding workmen (their curs run and bark)
Into Maine as its lights, springing up through the dark,
Gild—my wheel.

W. P. Houston

The Skeptic's Vision.

It was a dream—indeed it must have been,
And yet so real, I could have sworn I saw
That face in waking thought, and heard that voice,
So heavenly sweet the music seemed.
I touched that hand. It thrilled my heart, and filled
My being with emotion wild and deep.
A light flashed on my weary soul, and doubt
And darkness left me.

Alone, alone, all all alone,
I stood upon a desert wild,
A barren, boundless sea of sand.
I saw no star of hope, no beacon-light,
Saw no budding flower, no water sweet,
Saw no ripening fruit, no pleasing prospect,
But only saw a shoreless sea of sand.
Hope there was none, no rest, nor any peace,
Happiness gone, and joy forever fled.

Thus I stood and gazed and gazed
And longing gazed upon that bleaching sand,
That blazing blistering sky;
Longing for the night to end the day,
Longing for the day to end the darkness,
Longing for the life that would be living,
Longing for the death that would be dying,
Longing for the sleep that would be sleeping,
Longing for the hope that would be hoping,
And faith that would be true believing.

But oh! the day seemed never ended,
And the dark still darker deepened
Till reason reeled in mystic mazes,
And the doubt more doubtful grew.

Long I stood and long I pondered,
Pondered on my life unhappy,
Tried to hope, tried to reason,
Tried to watch, tried to pray,
Tried to pray for light and life,
Tried to pray for faith and fervor,
Tried to pray for faith to save me
From the pains of deathless death
Which the wicked soul must suffer
In the haunts of endless hell,

Tried to pray for heaven's favor
To bless me with true faith in God,
Praying Him, "Oh, grant me mercy!
Mercy on my sickening soul,
Mercy on my wounded life,
Mercy on my broken heart,
Mercy on my spirit, drooping
'Neath a load it can not bear,
Mercy on my dreadful suffering,
Anguish deep, and dark despair."

"Help!" I cried, "Oh, God! forgive me
For the sins I do confess,
For the errors and the follies
Which have marked my wounded life.
I do pray for help to bear
The heavy burthen on me laid,
Pray for faith to go and meet
And lay my cross at Jesus' feet."

But the shadows thicker gathered,
Darker rolled the shades of night,
Night that had no star to guide me
O'er that sandy, shoreless sea.
Deeper deepened doubt and darkness,
Darkness blacker than the night;
Doubt which led me in a circle
Round and round, perplexed in thought;
Till my reason seemed to stagger
In that mazy, mystic walk,
Till my soul far lost with winding
Through the labyrinthian way
Reeled and rocked, rolled and foundered
In that sea of skeptic thought.

Thus bewildered long I lay,
Fathoms deep in dark despair,
Every earthly prospect blighted,
Blasted every hope of joy,
Fixed in my breast an aching void
Void that time would never fill,
Deep in my heart a racking pain—
Pain that kills but never dies,
Deep in my soul an endless yearning
For rest and peace beyond the skies.
Thus in darkness and despair,
Thus in sin and thus in sorrow,
Thus in anguish and in pain,
Deep in that sea of skeptic thought,
Long I lay, long I struggled,
Hoping 'gainst hope's black refusal,
Dying ever, yet not dead.

When lo! I saw a shining circle
Like a halo in the sky.
And from out that shining circle,
With an angel's pitying eye,
Came there one of matchless beauty,
Came and stood and looked on me,
Looked with pity's tender glances,
Tender with true sympathy.
For she saw my soul was chained
With a chain I could not break;
On my heart she saw the burthen,
Burthen that I could not bear,
Saw and pitied with that pity
Which the good alone can share.

Then I saw her face grow brighter
At the thought of grace divine,
Then I heard a sweet voice pleading
Mercy's plea at mercy's shrine.
Only mercy, merit never,
Mercy all, and nothing more.
Louder then the voice resounded
Till it reached the heavenly shore.
First a whisper, then an anthem,
Music sweet as seraphs' song.
"Mercy, mercy, Lord!" the prayer.
"Mercy" rose the swelling song.
Then the vision bright grew brighter,
Brighter than the brightest day.
In the dazzling light it vanished,
Seemed to rise and float away.
Now the star of hope is shining,
Beacon-light on Jordan's shore,
And all is life with hope and love
Where all was doubt and dark before.

Dogwood Blossoms.

First of the greenwood flowers,
Pale, star-eyed maid:
Blooming in early showers,
Sunlight and shade.

Clusters of snow-white faces
Nod 'neath the green.
Brown stems and fern-like laces
Mingling between.

Bride of the spruce-pine slender,
Veiled pure in white:
Coy are thy ways and tender,
Maiden and sprite.

The Dream-God.

The dream-god comes to-night, dear,
His wings are on the air,
When the meerschaum glows and gleams, dear,
Like the rich brown of thy hair,
And the gathering shadows are dark, dear,
Because you are not here.

The dream-god's kiss is light, dear,
And the dream is past compare,
For I am your true knight, dear,
And you are my lady fair,
And the dark world-riddle is plain, dear
While your silken glove I wear.

The dream-god stirs the blood, dear,
Of the youth or the wrinkled sage;
And my life is at the flood, dear,
For I burn with an eager rage
To struggle and win for you, dear,
In the whirl of a restless age.

But the dream-god will not stay, dear,
And the vision fades away,
And the fires of life burn slow, dear,
To the ashes cold and gray;
But if your glove I wore in truth,
Who knows but the dream might stay.

A Study.

She walks by the dark-flowing waters
'Mid the mystical shades of the night,
And the sweetness of Beauty's own daughters
Starts out in the shadowy light;
She is humming a world-worn story,
That the ages have wrought into song,
And the sobbing river is pausing
To listen and bear it along.

The quivering moonbeams are sliding
From her shoulder's radiant white,
And shattered in paling arrows,
Slip back in the sorrowful night:
Her rapt eyes are glooming with sadness,
And the wailing notes ring clear—
'T is the song of Humanity's vestal,
Chanting life's Miserere.

The rhythmic lap, lap of the river
On the banks of its rock-studded shore,
And the musk-laden breeze that has whispered
Sweet secrets to lovers of yore,
All bow to the charm of her spirit,
And the blending beauties meet,
While the white rose nods in silence
At the touch of her dainty feet.

Thy Name.

If all the stars were counted in the sky
And lettered,—one by one—
A single name would blazen from on high—
As mid-day sun!

I 'd read it, read it all the live-long night;
And dream of it asleep;
And if, perchance, it should elude my sight
Its mem'ry keep.

And though my bones shall fertilize the earth
To sprout an elder-tree,
My soul should sing from her immortal birth—
"I love but thee."

Commencement Season of Ninety-nine.

Sunday Morning, June 11.

Baccalaureate Sermon by Bishop R. G. Gibson, of Richmond, Va.

Sunday Evening.

Address before the Y. M. C. A. by Bishop R. G. Gibson, of Richmond, Va.

Monday Evening.

Union Society Celebration; presiding officer, Mr. T. C. Jones.

Medals presented to Messrs. H. R. Houston, '99; J. M. Kelley, '00; F. A. Brown, '01. S. C. Bowen, '02.

Orations delivered by Messrs. T. P. Cross, '99; T. N. Jones, '00; and J. E. Lowery, '00.

Marshals: Messrs. W. B. Buford and H. L. Stephenson

Tuesday Morning, June 13.

Address before the Literary Societies by Rev. Edward Mack, D. D., of Norfolk, Va.

Address before the Society of Alumni by W. H. Whiting, of Millwood, Va.

Tuesday Evening.

Medals presented to Messrs. George Fitzgerald, '99; W. C. Bell, '00; H. M. Winfree, '01; W. S. Lee, '02.

Marshals: Messrs. T. D. Gilliam and R. W. Crawford.

Wednesday Morning, June 14.

Addresses by members of graduating class.

Honors and distinctions read by the President.

Degrees delivered to graduating class.

Wednesday Evening, June 14.

Senior Night.

Songs, yells, speeches, characterizations and valedictories by the Senior Class.

Germans given by the Cotillion Club on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

Visiting Young Ladies: Misses Robbie Berkeley, Virginia; Mary Echols, Virginia; Nellie Morton, Tennessee; Elizabeth Watkins, Virginia; Mattie Leigh Cunningham, Virginia; Rosa Merrill, Virginia; Elizabeth Jones, Virginia; Lila and Zaida English, Virginia; Genevieve Venable, Virginia; Nellie and Gertrude Surpell, Virginia; Lucy Thornton, Virginia; Maria Read, Virginia; Martha and Neite Jeffress, Virginia; Matilda Jones, Virginia; Mary Reid, Virginia; Mary Daniel, Virginia; Mary Johnson, Virginia; Jennie Adéle Hart, South Carolina; Bessie Dunlap, Virginia; Emma Lorraine, Virginia; Polly Chisman, Virginia, and Mariah Reynolds.

Statistics

IN THIS department we are not presenting a synopsis of haphazard references drawn from questionable hypotheses, but are formulating what has resulted from a comprehensive observation aided by a most rigidly accurate mathematical calculation.

If any one is driven to indignation by the facts, for such they are, given below, we are sorry, but can't help him any, for "murder will out," and the guilty must be held *sub pœna*. The following are the results of this laborious task:

Average age of students is eighteen years nine and three-fourths months; average height, five feet nine inches; average weight, one hundred and forty-three pounds.

Seventy-eight per cent. are church members. Eighty-two per cent. study on Sunday. Twenty-five per cent. attend Y. M. C. A. meetings. Ninety-five per cent. attend chapel regularly (except when sick). All (*rarely*) attend church, and fifty per cent. sleep during the services.

The best actor is LOWERY.

The best all-round athlete is A. S. CALDWELL.

The greatest "calico" man, ... EPES.

The gifted lady-killer is still P. Y. JOHNSON, though PAYNE, J. A., and FULTZ are pushing him close.

The best dancer is KEMPER, *minor natu*.

Personification of awkwardness, ... M. F. PILSON.

Biggest eater, ... LOVE.

Most boisterous man, ... NEW-MAN.

Leanest man, ... ROBESON.

Finest wheelman, ... J. L. DAVIS.

Hardest student, ... CROSS.

Laziest man, . . . CAMPBELL, who is also a notorious chapel "cutter."

The wisest man in college is the one who confesses that he is a fool, but such a one we haven't seen yet.

The most vacuous cranium is claimed by the younger RANDOLPH.

Greatest class "cutter," . . . . . CLEMMER.

Biggest sport, ... SOMERVILLE.

The honor of being the freshest man in the college had to be divided between HORSLEY and SHANKS, although the whole "Fresh." Class made a good run, and some Seniors received not a few votes.

Greatest "kickers," . . . . . SENIOR CLASS.

Funniest Man, . . . HOUSTON, who is also skilled in the Ciceronian art.

Owing to the wire-pulling and undue solicitation of votes for the handsomest man, this ballot was cast aside.

GREEN has the honor of being Farmville's most constant visitor.

Best reciter, R. H. JOHNSON, who also ranks among the first at "hollering."

Faculty's pet, ... H. S. STOKES, but they have *entertained* others.

Greatest anti-calico man, ... THE BOW WOW.

Best theologian, ... SEE.

Poeta maximus, ... BELL, W. C.

Leader of the cavaliers, ... TRIPLETT.

Sunday student, ... BELL.

Only Greek scholar, ... WEBB.

The favorite study is Chemistry, having a majority over Greek.

The favorite game is baseball, next in order, whist, and third football.

Favorite drink, . . Pure H_2O, albeit "Paul Jones" has not a few admirers.

Greatest friends to the students, . . HINDS and NOBLE, the "livery" men.

A majority of those who intend to be professional men will make a specialty of Greek (?), next law; third, medicine, and lastly, ministry.

Some of Hampden-Sidney's Distinguished Alumni.

[NO RECORDS PRIOR TO 1787 HAVE BEEN PRESERVED, AND ALL THOSE PRECEDING 1848 ARE DEFECTIVE.]

Statesmen, Lawyers and Public Men.

Hons. Kemp Plummer, of North Carolina, "The Honest Lawyer;" John W. Eppes, Member of Congress, 1803–15, and United States Senate, 1817–19; William Cabell, President Virginia Court of Appeals; W. H. Harrison, President of the United States; James Jones, Member of Congress, 1818–23; George M. Bibb, Governor of Kentucky, United States Senate, Judge of Kentucky Supreme Court, Secretary of Treasury in Tyler's Cabinet; William Daniel, President of Virginia Court of Appeals; Joseph C. Cabell, one of the founders of the University of Virginia and of the Virginia and Roanoke Canal; William Cabell Rives, LL. D., Member of Congress, United States Senate, Minister to France, Author of "Life and Times of Madison"; N. E. Venable; John Blair Dabney, LL. D., Author; Sterling Price, Governor of Missouri; Abram W. Venable, of North Carolina, Member of Congress; William B. Crittenden; T. T. Giles; Morton Payne, "The Encyclopedia of the State"; Colonel Sherwin McCrae, Historian and Antiquary; Hugh A. Garland, Member of Congress, Clerk of the House, etc., Author of "Life of John Randolph; William B. Preston, Secretary of Navy in Taylor's Cabinet; Alexander Rives, Judge

of United States District Court; William Daniel, Jr., Judge of Virginia Court of Appeals; James H. Gholson, Circuit Judge; H. R. Pleasants, of Richmond *Whig*, First Editor of Richmond *Dispatch;* W. M. Tredway, Member of Congress and Circuit Judge; James C. Bruce; William C. Flournoy; Thomas W. Ligon, Governor of Maryland; W. M. Peyton, Author; W. O. Goode, Member of Congress; Judge W. B. Almond, of California; T. S. Flournoy, Member of Congress; C. S. Mosby, "The Addison of the Virginia Bar"; J. W. Stevenson, Governor of Kentucky, United States Senate; W. D Leake; H. D. Dickinson, Circuit Judge; J. W. Clapp, of Tennessee, Confederate Congress; Judge S. B. Freneh; T. S. Bocoek, Member of Congress and Speaker of Confederate Congress; W. C. Carrington, Editor of Richmond *Times;* H. D. Irving, Circuit Judge; A. M. Branch, of Texas, Member of Congress; John T. Thornton; Captain S. W. Venable; Judge W. P. Dabney; Roger A. Pryor, Editor, Member of Congress, General, Judge of Court of Common Pleas, New York City; P. W. McKinney, Governor of Virginia; J. H. Speed, of Alabama; Colonel J. P. Fitzgerald, Treasurer of College; Colonel Meade Haskins; J. Taylor Ellyson.

Educators.

Rev. James Blythe, D. D, Founder of Transylvania University, Kentucky, President of Hanover University, Indiana; Rev Drury Lacy, Acting President of Hampden-Sidney College, 1789–1797; Rev. Moses Waddell, D. D., Teacher of Colhoun, Ligarre, McDuffie, Pettigrew, etc., President of the University of Georgia; John P. Mettauer, Surgeon in the War of 1812, Founder of Medical School of Randolph-Macon College; William Nelson Page, Professor in Hampden-Sidney College; S. C. Garland, LL. D., President of Randolph-Macon College, Chancellor of Vanderbilt University; Rev. B. M. Smith, D. D., LL. D., Professor in Union Theologieal Seminary; Rev. J. M. P. Atkinson, President of Hampden-Sidney College; Rev. J. L. Kirkpatrick, D. D., LL. D., Pre-ident of Davidson College, Professor in Washington and Lee University; L. F. Klipstein, Ph. D, Author of text-books on Anglo-Saxon; Hon. Stephen O. Southall, Professor of Law in the University of Virginia; Rev. R. L. Dabney, D. D., LL. D., Professor in Union Theological Seminary and the University of Texas, Author of books on Theology and the "Life of General T. J. Jackson," etc.; Charles S. Venable, LL. D., Professor of Mathematics and Chairman of the University of Virginia; Robert Dabney, LL. D., Professor in the University of the South, Sewanee; L. L. Holladay, LL. D., Professor of Physical Science in Hampden-Sidney College; Rev. Richard McIlwaine, D. D., President of Hampden-Sidney College; Rev. J. B. Shearer, D. D., LL. D., Founder of the Southwestern Presbyterian University, President of Davidson College; Walter Blair, Lit. D., Professor Emeritus of Latin in Hampden-Sidney College; A. J. Bondurant, A. M., Professor of Greek in the University of Tennessee; Major R. M. Venable, Professor in the Law School of the University of Maryland; William M. Thornton, LL. D., Professor of Applied Mathematics and Chairman of the University of Virginia; Addison Hogue, Professor in Washington and Lee University; James R. Thornton, Professor and Treasurer of Hampden-Sidney College; George H. Denny, Ph. D., Professor of Latin in Hampden-Sidney College; C. W. Dabney, Jr., Ph. D., LL D., President of the University of Tennessee; C. C. Gaines, President of Eastman Business College, New York; Rev. T. C. Johnson, D. D., Professor in Union Theological Seminary, etc., etc.

Presbyterian Ministers.

The Rev. Drs. William Hill, of Winchester; John B. Hoge, S. D. Hoge, T P. Hunt, Daniel Baker, John Kirkpatrick, D. H. Penick, J. S. Armistead, Roderick Pryor, Moses D. Hoge, LL. D., C. R. Vaughan, T. W. Hooper, E. H. Harding, A. W. Pitzer, G W. Finley, W. W. Murkland, E. H. Barnett, Peyton H. Hoge, etc., etc.

Episcopal Ministers.

Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Atkinson, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of North Carolina; Rev. George A. Diene, D. D.; Rev. Aristides S. Smith, D. D.; Missionary Bishop C. C. Penick D. D.; Rev. J. K. Mason, D. D., etc., etc.

List of Medalists of Union Society.

Senior Orator's Medal.

1855—T. W. Hooper, Christiansburg, Va.
1856—A. J. Bondurant, Buckingham Co., Va.
1857—J. H. Tillinghast, Cumberland, N. C.
1858—G. W. Wooding, Pittsylvania Co., Va.
1859—Blackburn Hughes, Cumberland Co., Va.
1860—William C. Wallace, Norfolk, Va.
1861—Tazewell M. McCorkle, Lynchburg, Va.
1862—W. W. Page, Fauquier County, Va.
1863-1866—No record of medals given.
1867—R. A. Gibson, Petersburg, Va.
1868—L. B. Johnson, South Boston, Va.
1869—J. V. Ryals, Clifton Forge, Va.
1870—W. A. Atkinson, Winchester, Va.
1871—G. A. Burwell, Clarke County, Va.
1872—J. L. Currie, Prince Edward County, Va.
1873—W. A. Wade, Christiansburg, Va.
1874—Charles Ghiselin, Norfolk, Va.
1875—E. M. Dickson, Bourbon County, Ky.
1876—W. E. Cave, Fauquier County, Va.
1877—R. A. Wailes, Nelson County, Va.
1878—J. L. Lancaster, Cumberland County, Va.
1879—Thomas Cummins, County Tyrone, Ireland.
1880—C. B. Wallace, Cumberland County, Va.
1881—T. J. White, Augusta County, Va.
1882—Carr Moore, Portsmouth, Va.
1883—S. T. Mosby, Lynchburg, Va.
1884—R. V. Lancaster, Cumberland C. H., Va.
1885—S. P. Preston, Lynchburg, Va.
1886—F. T. McFaden, now Lynchburg, Va.
1887—T. J. Wool, Petersburg, Va.
1888—S. M. Engle, Jefferson County, W. Va.
1889—Frank Dawson, Scottsville, Va.
1890—F. E. Rankins, Matre Gorda, Texas.
1891—G. H. Denny, Jr., now H.-S. College, Va.
1892—W. Henry Venable, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
1893—J. Warren Wool, Keysville, Va.
1894—J. Gray McAllister, Covington, Va.
1895—W. H. T. Squires, Petersburg, Va.
1896—W. R. Houston, Waynesboro, Va.
1897—C. W. Mason, Hyco, Va.
1898—Barksdale Hamlett, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
1899—H. R. Houston, Amsterdam, Va

Junior.

1878—Thomas Cummins, County Tyrone, Ireland.
1879—C. B. Wallace, Albemarle County, Va.
1880—W. T. Martin, Pittsylvania County, Va.
1881—No record of medal given.
1882—J. B. Bittinger, Indian Creek, W. Va.
1883—R. V. Lancaster, Cumberland C. H., Va.
1884—James Rennie, Henrico County, Va.
1885—P. H. Gwinn, Red Sulphur Spgs., W. Va.
1886—G. G. Sydnor, Archie, Va.
1887—R. L. Telford, Rome, Ga.
1888—W. D. Hooper, Liberty, Va.
1889—W. R. Houston, Hang Chow, China.
1890—G. B. Bell, Covington, Va.
1891—M. G. Woodworth, Davis, W Va.
1892—H. W. McLaughlin, Lewisburg, W. Va.
1893—J. Gray McAllister, Covington, Va.
1894—Hermann Brulle, Fredericksburg, Va.
1895—J. P. Sheffy, Marion, Va.
1896—W. S. Wilson, Roanoke, Va.
1897—C. R. Lacy, Sinks Grove, W. Va.
1898—T. C. Jones, Petersburg, Va.
1899—J. M. Kelly, Washington County, Va.

Sophomore.

1893—F. C. Bright, Lewisburg, W. Va.
1894—W. S. Wysong, Academy, W. Va.
1895—R. M. Bird, Petersburg, Va.
1896—Eugene Douglass, Roanoke, Va.
1897—H. R. Houston, Amsterdam, Va.
1898—Otis M. Clark, South Boston, Va.
1899—F. A. Brown, Norfolk, Va.

Freshman.

1885—H. B. Coleman, Nelson County, Va.
1886—G. W. Bull, Norfolk, Va.
1887—W. M. Boroughs, Alabama
1888—W. H. Venable, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
1889—Fred Wallace, Mill Point, W. Va.
1890—H. W. McLaughlin, Lewisburg, W. Va.
1891—H. H. Sweets, Elizabethtown, Ky.
1892—J C. Hamlett, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
1893—R. E. Bonner, Eddie, W. Va.
1894—F. B. Rhodes, Green Bay, Va.
1895—T. H. Thompson, Petersburg, Va.
1896—H. R. Houston, Amsterdam, Va.
1897—J. E. Lowery, Norfolk, Va.
1898—J. W. Kinnier, Lynchburg, Va.
1899—S. C. Bowen, Tazewell County, Va.

List of Medalists of Philanthropic Society.

Senior.

1851—P. W. McKinney, Buckingham Co., Va.
1852—Peter Tinsley, Farmville, Va.
1853—Richard McIlwaine, Petersburg, Va.
1854—Robert B. Davis, Halifax County, Va.
1855—W. C. Thomas, Charlotte County, Va.
1856—J. H. Speed, Granville County, N. C.
1857—H. G. Hill, Milton, N. C.
1858—W. J. Berkeley, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
1859—R. C. Osborne, Petersburg, Va.
1860—D. M. Bernard, Petersburg, Va.
1861—R. B. Berkeley, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
1862—W. W. Murkland, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
1863–1866—No record of medals given.
1867—E. R. Stamps, Milton, N. C.
1868—S. J. Flournoy, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
1869—J. J. Price, Buchanan, Va.
1870—W. W. Downey, Charlestown, W. Va.
1871—J. R. Wilson, Jr., Cumberland Co., Va.
1872—B. O. Goode, Goochland County, Va.
1873—B. E. McLin, Jonesboro, Tenn.
1874—W. H Woods, Lebanon County, Ky.
1875—No medal given.
1876—H. W. Naff, Dublin, Va.
1877—A. G. McIlwaine, Baltimore, Md.
1878—T. F. Harwood, Gonzales, Texas.
1879—E. W. Speed, Marion Ala.
1880—S. B. Dabney, Hampden Sidney, Va.
1881—Roger Martin, Danville, Va.
1882—E. H. Stover, Augusta County, Va.
1883—A. C. Reed, Charlotte County, Va.
1884—A. C. Finley, Romney, W. Va.
1885—J. B. Finley, Romney, W. Va.
1886—A. J. McKilway, Charlotte County, Va.
1887—Walter H. Watson, Nottoway County, Va.
1888—P. S. Wood, Corsicana, Texas.
1889—A. B. Dickinson, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
1890—W. S. Stuart, Saltville, Va.
1891—W. Lee Estes, Texarkana, Texas.
1892—Daniel P. Halsey, Lynchburg, Va.
1893—C. W. McDonald, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
1894—W. E. Finley, Fishersville, Va.
1895—R. C. Sommerville, Front Royal, Va.
1896—E. Lee Trinkle, Wytheville, Va.
1897—H. H. Shelton, Tindall, Va.
1898—E. C. Caldwell, Oxford, N. C.
1899—George Fitzgerald, Richmond, Va.

Junior.

1894—R. C. Sommerville, Front Royal, Va.
1895—J. L. Stuart, Mobile, Alabama.
1896—F. M. Cunningham, Richmond, Va.
1897—E. C. Caldwell, Oxford, N. C.
1898—R. G. See, Augusta County, Va.
1899—W. C. Bell, Staunton, Va.

Sophomore.

1878—E. M. Smith, La Fayette County, Mo.
1879—F. W. Irvine, Farmville, Va.
1880—M. M. Caldwell, Wytheville, Va.
1881—Robert Palmer, Corsicana, Texas.
1882—W. H. Bocock, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
1883—P. F. Price, Buchanan, Va.
1884—T. S. Henry, Charlotte County, Va.
1885—W. H. Eldridge, Buckingham Co., Va.
1886—W. M. Briggs, Louisville, Kentucky.
1887—Martin Luther, Marion, Va.
1888—W. S. Stuart, Saltville, Va.
1889—W. Lee Estes, Texarkana, Texas.
1890—Daniel P. Halsey, Lynchburg, Va.
1891—C. W. McDonald, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
1892—W. T. Graham, Wythe County, Va.
1893—J. C. Shine, Campbell, Texas.
1894—E. Lee Trinkle, Wytheville, Va.
1895—R. R. Hanwell, Petersburg, Va.
1896—E. C. Caldwell, Oxford, N. C.
1897—T. J. Payne, Chatham, Va.
1898—W. C. Bell, Miliansville, Va.
1899—H. M. Winfree, Augusta County, Va.

Freshman.

1885—P. S. Wood, Corsicana, Texas.
1886—J. R. Walker, Wytheville, Va.
1887—W. S. Trinkle, Wytheville, Va.
1888—Daniel P. Halsey, Lynchburg, Va.
1889—B. F. Spindle, Christiansburg, Va.
1890—R. D. White, St. Louis, Mo.
1891—W. T. Graham, Wythe County, Va.
1892—W. E. Hudson, Ceres, Va.
1893—E. Lee Trinkle, Wytheville, Va.
1894—F. M. Cunningham, Richmond, Va.
1895—W. H. Castleman, Bunceton, Mo.
1896—W. W. Bondurant, Rice, Va.
1897—C. J. Hudson, Rural Retreat, Va.
1898—H. M. Winfree, Augusta County, Va.
1899—W. Sharpe Lee, Nottoway County, Va.

THE END.

PAGE

Title page . . . 3
Dedication . . . 5
Greeting (poem) . . . 6
Opening picture . . . 7
Picture KALEIDOSCOPE Board . . . 8
KALEIDOSCOPE Board . . . 9
Calendar . . . 10
Trustees . . . 11
Faculty . . . 12
Society of Alumni . . . 13
Thor's Farewell (poem) . . . 14
Belles of Southern Cities . . . 15
It is Not Always May (poem) . . . 16
To a Rose (poem) . . . 16

BIOGRAPHICAL:

Dr. Hoge as a Preacher . . . 18
Philip W. McKinney . . . 24
Robert L. Dabney . . . 27
Edward H. Barnett . . . 33
Southern Belles . . . 36
Southern Belles . . . 37

HISTORICAL:

Thinking and Dreaming of Former Days . . . 38
Princedard Court-house . . . 46
Fifty years ago—1849-1899 . . . 50
Literary Societies in Old Quarters . . . 53
The Poetry of Motion (poem) . . . 56
Our Favorites in the Normal School . . . 57
Mors et Vinum (poem) . . . 58

CLASSES:

Seniors (illustrated) . . . 59
Juniors . . . 67
Sophomores . . . 72
Freshmen . . . 75
De Licker in de Jug (poem) . . . 78

FRATERNITIES:

Beta Theta Pi . . . 80
Phi Kappa Psi . . . 82
Chi Phi . . . 84
Phi Gamma Delta . . . 86
Sigma Chi . . . 88
Kappa Sigma . . . 90
Pi Kappa Alpha . . . 92
Forget Me Not (poem) . . . 94

ORGANIZATIONS:

Union Society . . . 96
Philanthropic Society . . . 98
Y. M. C. A. . . . 100
V . . . 101
J. H. C. . . . 102
Theta Nu Epsilon . . . 103
R. H. O. C. T. . . . 104

CLUBS:

Camera . . . 105
Calico . . . 106
Augusta . . . 107
Chit Chat . . . 108
Venable Inn . . . 109
Reynold's Ranch . . . 110
Lacy's . . . 111
Carrington's . . . 112
Mess . . . 113
Cotillion . . . 114
The Golfers . . . 116
Gunning . . . 117
First Passage . . . 118

PAGE

CLUBS—CONTINUED:

Fourth Passage . . . 115
Wine-bibbers . . . 119
Wheel . . . 121
West Virginia . . . 122
The Smokers . . . 123
Dramatic . . . 124
Orchestra . . . 126
My Tobacco Jar (poem) . . . 128

LITERARY:

KALEIDOSCOPE Board . . . 129
Editorial . . . 130
The *Magazine* Board . . . 132
Picture the *Magazine* Board . . . 133
Our Artists . . . 134

ATHLETICS:

The College Football Team . . . 136
The College Baseball Team . . . 138
The Gymnasium Team . . . 140
The Track Team . . . 142
The Tennis Association . . . 143
1900 Class Football Team . . . 144
1900 Class Baseball Team . . . 145
To Miss E. C. W. (poem) . . . 146
Peace (poem) . . . 146
Triolets (poem) . . . 146
To Miss K. C. M. (poem) . . . 146
White Roses (poem) . . . 147
A Plea for "the Blues" (poem) . . . 147
Conscience (poem) . . . 162
The Way of the World . . . 148

MISCELLANEOUS:

Billy Shakespeare and Old Mother Goose (poem) . . . 164
College Men and College Men . . . 165
A Lyric of the Century (poem) . . . 171
Messages (poem) . . . 171
My Darling's Eyes (poem) . . . 172
To a Girl who Called her Green Eyes Grey (poem) . . . 173
The Boys (poem) . . . 173
Hard Lines . . . 174
A Smoker's Reply (poem) . . . 176
Dream Fugues (poem) . . . 177
Her Sweet Reply (poem) . . . 177
When Riley Comes to Town (poem) . . . 178
Facing the Storm (poem) . . . 179
Stepping Stones (poem) . . . 179
Battle of Fredericksburg (poem) . . . 180
Rien N'est Perdu (poem) . . . 182
Launched . . . 183
The Awakening (poem) . . . 187
A Picture (poem) . . . 187
The Passing Summer (poem) . . . 188
Triolet (poem) . . . 188
To a Comet (poem) . . . 188
The Song of the Wren (poem) . . . 188
My Wheel (poem) . . . 189
The Skeptic's Vision (poem) . . . 192
Dogwood Blossoms (poem) . . . 193
The Dream God (poem) . . . 194
A Study (poem) . . . 194
Thy Name (poem) . . . 194
Finals . . . 195
Statistics . . . 196
The End . . . 201
Advertisements . . . 203

TRY OUR
ADVERTISERS
THEY ARE ALL
RELIABLE
FIRMS
GO TO
FARMVIL
Haw.

Hampden-Sidney College,

FACULTY

REV. RICHARD MCILWAINE, D. D., President and Professor of Moral Philosophy and Bible Studies.

HENRY C. BROCK, B. Lit., Professor of the Greek Language and Literature and Instructor in the French Language.

JAMES A. THORNTON, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Instructor in Engineering.

GEO. H. DENNY, A. M., Ph. D., Professor of the Latin Language and Instructor in the German Language.

J. H. C. BAGBY, M. A., M. E., Ph. D., Professor of Physical Science.

H. R. MCILWAINE, Ph. D., Professor of English and Historical and Political Science.

H. M. SMITH, Ph. D., Adjunct Professor in Physical Science.

E. C. CALDWELL, A. B., Fellow and Instructor in Mathematics and English.

T. H. THOMPSON, A. B., Fellow and Instructor in Greek and Latin.

Next Session Opens Wednesday, September 13th, 1899.

For Catalogues or information, address

The Rev. RICHARD McILWAINE, D. D., President,
HAMPDEN-SIDNEY, VA.

Wright, Kay & Co.

Manufacturers of
High-Grade

Fraternity Emblems
Fraternity Jewelry
Fraternity Novelties
Fraternity Stationery

Importers, Jewelers Silversmiths,

140-142 Woodward Avenue, **Detroit, Mich.**

CALL ON **HUNT..**

FOR
ARTISTIC
PHOTOGRAPHY.

College Groups a Specialty.

All Pictures in this Book
Made by

H. H. HUNT,

Artistic Photographer,

FARMVILLE, VA.

The National Business College,

ROANOKE, VA.,

Is one of the Most Popular and Successful Business Colleges of the South.

We Assist Our Pupils into Positions, and Teach them how to Make Money with an Education.

PATRONIZE OUR SCHOOL.

WE ARE THOROUGH, PRACTICAL, AND COMPLETE.

From September 1st, 1897, to April 1st, 1898 studeuts were placed into positions from our school who received $3,769.00. Our students were placed in North Carelina, New York, Indian Territory, Ohio, West Virginia, and Tennessee.

Students sent in our care carefully advised and looked after with regard to board, room, and influence.

Special classes are formed for advanced students. Individual work given to all pupils. Each teacher a specialist in his line.

In Commercial and Shorthand work "you learn to do by doing." Send for catalogue.

Chas. E. Eckerle.

PRESIDENT.

RICHMOND
STRAIGHT CUT
10s
IN TIN BOXES

are more desirable than ever — the new tin box prevents their breaking and is convenient to carry in any pocket.

For Sale Everywhere.

Richmond
Straight-Cut
10's

For Sale
Everywhere

Do you know your own mind?

Yes, you will say, I have my opinions about things!

You *do* know *what* you think; but do you know *how* you think, *why* you think, the *manner* and the *occasion* of your thinking? Do you know your pupils' *mind*, your child's *mind*, in this sense?

Important points, these days! Not to be posted on these questions may be to *just miss* your one great goal as teacher or parent! They are answered in our Gordy's *New* Psychology. $1.25, postpaid. *Money refunded if not perfectly satisfactory.*

HINDS & NOBLE, Publishers
4-5-13-14 Cooper Institute N. Y. City
Schoolbooks of all publishers at one store.

MORE THAN 33,000 OF THE

Prosperous Business Men of To-day were trained for *Active, Useful Business life* at *Eastman College*, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. They are the Hand-Boards of the Institution in every large business in every City and nearly every Village of the land.

During *forty years* has been the most popular and largest Private School in America. It is to-day the only Institution devoted to the specialty of teaching Young and Middle-aged Men how to get a living, make money, and become enterprising, industrious, useful citizens. It is the only Institution that turns out Practically Educated Business Men, and that secures positions for all Graduates of its Business and Shorthand Courses.

It succeeds in this work because the course of study is *Practical* instead of Theoretical; the students act as Buyers, Sellers, Traders, Bankers, Bookkeepers, Accountants and Amanuenses in *Actual Business Operations*. Bank Bills, Fractional Currency and Merchandise are *Actually Used*, and have a *Real Value*, and every transaction is just as legitimate and bona fide as in any Mercantile, Banking or Business House. Each day's business is based upon quotations from the New York Markets. Applicants enter any week day in the year. No vacations. The

Illustrated Catalogue giving full information in regard to courses of study, time required, expenses, &c., specimens of Bank Bills and Business Paper in daily use in Practical departments, and a directory of recent graduates with their present business and P. O., will be mailed on request. Complete set of lessons and specimens of *Penmanship* for students' practice ($1), one hundred easy lessons in *Simplified Shorthand* with forty lessons in Typewriting, Spelling and the English Language ($2), sent postpaid on receipt of price.

Address, **Eastman College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.**

INVESTMENT, OR EXPENSE ? . .

IF YOUR PRINTED MATTER IS IN THE SHAPE OF A BLANK to be used within your own establishment, handled once, then destroyed or filed away, it may probably be considered an item of expense. But if it is to go before the public, it is, to a greater or less degree, your representative, and is an investment ; its appearance should be such as to reflect credit on you. It 's worth thinking about. We 'll help you think.

The Stone Printing and Manufacturing Co.

EDWARD L. STONE. President 110. 112 and 114 North Jefferson Street

ROANOKE. VIRGINIA

Special Facilities for Printing College Annuals. This Book was Printed in our Establishment.

Hoge
Military Academy,

FOUNDED IN 1893.
Incorp rated with Hampden-Sidney College.

BLACKSTONE, VA.

Full courses for College Preparation or Active Life.

Present enrollment, largest in history.
Boarding Cadets, fifty-seven.
Day Cadets, twenty-four.

Five Experienced Teachers.
Exceedingly Low Charges.

Next Session Opens September 5th, '99.

REV. T. P. EPES, D. D, President.
HAMPDEN WILSON, Sec'y and Treas.

Write for illustrated catalogue.

Ryland & Rankin,

JEWELERS AND
SILVERSMITHS,

809 Main Street LYNCHBURG, VA.

School, Class, College, and Society Pins, Medals, Rings, etc, made to order by experts. Designs submitted.

Correspondence invited and cheerfully answered.

Flags
Banners
Badges

SISCO BROS.
13 West
Lexington Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Highlander Tobacco Company,

Established as Highlander Tobacco Works, 1866.

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.

Manufacturers of the famous brands of

Occidental and Highlander Smoking Tobacco

for pipes or cigarettes. These brands are sold in the European markets and pronounced by experts to be **SUPERIOR**, and have been awarded highest medals at Vienna in 1873, and at Philadelphia in 1876.

CUBANA MIXTURE is our great leader for a 5c. package. Cool, sweet, don't bite, being four years old. Continually increasing in popularity If not found in your tobacco store, address

HIGHLANDER TOBACCO CO.,
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.

W. T. DOYNE,

Funeral Director and Undertaker,

Dealer in Furniture.

FARMVILLE VIRGINIA.

G. A. Coleman & Co.

Dealers in	*Satchels,*
Boots,	*Trunks,*
Shoes,	*Umbrellas,*
Hats,	*Etc., Etc.*

No. 923 Main Street,
... LYNCHBURG, VA.

E. W. VENABLE & CO.

Dealers in ... Staple and Fancy Groceries, Confections, Canned Goods, Crackers, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, and Notions, Plain and Fancy Stationery, Toilet Articles, Etc., Etc.

A Full Line of Cigars, Cigarettes, Chewing and Smoking Tobaccos.

Also Agents for International Tailoring Co.

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY, VA.

Piedmont College,

LYNCHBURG, VA.

DEPARTMENTS:

ACADEMIC, BUSINESS, SHORTHAND, TYPEWRITING, MUSIC.

Calendar, 1899-1900:

First Quarter begins September 20th, 1899.
First Quarter ends November 21st, 1899.
Second Quarter begins November 22d, 1899.
Second Quarter ends January 23d, 1900.
Third Quarter begins January 24th, 1900.
Third Quarter ends March 27th, 1900.
Fourth Quarter begins March 28th, 1900.
Session ends May 30th, 1900.

Annual Commencement, Wednesday night, May 30th, 1900, 8:30 o'clock.

WRITE FOR RATES.

Do you know your own mind?

Yes, you will say, I have my opinions about things!

You *do* know *what* you think; but do you know *how* you think, *why* you think, the *manner* and the *occasion* of your thinking? Do you know your pupils' *mind*, your child's *mind*, in this sense?

Important points, these days! Not to be posted on these questions may be to *just miss* your one great goal as teacher or parent! They are answered in our Gordy's *New* Psychology. $1.25, postpaid. *Money refunded if not perfectly satisfactory.*

HINDS & NOBLE, Publishers

4-5-13-14 Cooper Institute N. Y. City

Schoolbooks of all publishers at one store.

FENN & OWEN,

THE OLD RELIABLE

PRINTERS

AND BINDERS,

PETERSBURG, VA.

·· PUBLISHERS OF ··

UNION SEMINARY MAGAZINE,
HAMPDEN-SIDNEY MAGAZINE,
THE SHIELD AND DIAMOND.

N. C. Long & Bro.

ATHLETIC GOODS

AND

Gents' Furnishings.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

SOUTHERN AGENTS
A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,
NEW YORK.

Do you know your own mind?

Yes, you will say, I have my opinions about things!

You *do* know *what* you think; but do you know *how* you think, *why* you think, the *manner* and the *occasion* of your thinking? Do you know your pupils' *mind*, your child's *mind*, in this sense?

Important points, these days! Not to be posted on these questions may be to *just miss* your one great goal as teacher or parent! They are answered in our Gordy's *New* Psychology. $1.25, postpaid. *Money refunded if not perfectly satisfactory.*

HINDS & NOBLE, Publishers
4-5-13-14 Cooper Institute N. Y. City
Schoolbooks of all publishers at one store.

D. Buchanan & Son,

Manufacturing Goldsmiths and Jewelers.

PRACTICAL WATCHMAKERS.

A Specialty: Diamonds and Watches.

No. 111 East Broad Street,
RICHMOND, VA.

Medical College of Virginia.

The sixty-second session will commence about the middle of September, 1899.

Four years graded course.

Fees, $65.00 per session.

Diploma fee, $30 00.

For further particulars, address

CHRISTOPHER TOMPKINS, M. D.
DEAN,
RICHMOND, VA.

Wills, Camp & Co.,

Clothiers

Merchant Tailors, Hatters
.. and ..
Men's Furnishers,

1009 MAIN STREET,

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.

DATE DUE

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LD 2101 .H65 K2 1899

Kaleidoscope

LD 2101 .H65 K2 1899

Kaleidoscope

DATE	ISSUED TO
6-24-92	Brandon Winget
8 1-91	Christopher Bishop

Eggleston Library
Hampden-Sydney College
Hampden-Sydney, Virginia

HAMPDEN-SYDNEY COLLEGE
3 1305 00054607 3